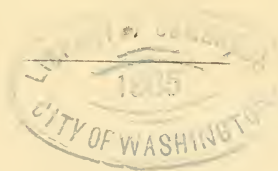


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THE
HUGUENOT DAUGHTERS
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
CATHARINE GENDRON POYAS.



CHARLESTON :
JOHN RUSSELL, 256 KING-STREET.
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TO MY REVERED

Friend and Pastor

THE REV. CRANMORE WALLACE,

THIS VOLUME

Is respectfully and affectionately inscribed

BY

THE AUTHOR.



THE
HUGUENOT DAUGHTERS ;

OR,

REASONS FOR ADHERENCE TO THE FAITH INTO WHICH
CHURCHMEN ARE BAPTIZED.

THE following dialogue is supposed to have taken place, on the morning after the dedication of the Huguenot House of Worship, in Charleston, between two girls, descendants of the French Refugees who settled in Carolina after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

SCENE.—A Library. *Claudia seated at a table covered with books, &c.—Enter ANNETTE.*

Annette.—Good morning, Claude ; but not alone intent
To while away a tedious summer morn,
Or, interrupt your hours of quiet thought,
Or time of study, seek I now your bower ;
Where, like a timid dove, you sit and brood
O'er wise and weighty matters—while aloft
We gayer birds soar freely on the wing.

Nor bear I now the olive branch of peace,
But with the clarion-blast of boisterous war,
And sacred pennon waving o'er my head,
I come, as holy knight on crusade bound,
In armour bright, and polished lance at rest,
To strike for truth and faith's eternal cause !
But seriously :—in common words to speak,
Why were you not at church on sabbath day ?
Within the sacred courts I saw you not,
Although all day glad songs of praise arose,
And joyous hearts were lifted up on high
Hymning Jehovah's praise.

Claudia.—Who have we here ?

Warlike Bellona with terrific mien,
And jetty locks dishevelled—to the field
Urging the fiery steeds and bloody car
Of fierce, impetuous Mars ! or blue-eyed Pallas
Leaping from the Thunderer's brain full armed,
And bent on conquest of the universe !
But no, it is my friend, my gentle coz,
To whose warm challenge I will now respond,
And lift the chivalrous gauntlet by her flung
Upon the floor of my sequestered tent.
I was in church upon the sacred day,
At morn, at even, and at noontide bright,

When with closed doors and solemn rite divine
We celebrate the supper of the Lord ;
And feed on Christ, in his most holy feast
Of love reedeeming.

Annette.—At old St. Philip's ?

But it was not there I anxious sought thee
On the joyous day, when our loved Sion
Risen from the dust, put on her beauteous
Garments, and adorned like a young bride, went
Forth to meet the bridegroom ! I looked around
To catch thine eye flashing with holy fire,
To see thy form dilating in its pride,
And thy dear face lit up with holy thought.

Claudia.—*That* church, Annetta, is not mine.

Annette.—Not thine ?

Shame on thee recreant ! A daughter thou,
So closely linked unto the Huguenots !
Two-fold's the cord that binds thee to our sires,—
Holy, devoted men ! who gave up all
And died for their religion, pure and true !
Then hast thou not a tear, or pitying sigh—
Memory's kind offering at the sainted tombs
Of those true hearted ones, our ancestors,

As o'er the annals of their fame you bend,
And con the legend of their sorrows, traced
In ruby lines of blood !

Claudia.—Peace to the martyrs !

Sweetly may they rest !—And, dear Annetta,
Champion of their cause, so young and valiant,
Believe me that I feel the sacred pulse
Of love ancestral beating in my heart,
And cold indeed must be that heart, and stilled
In death, e'er it shall cease to love, that band
Of pious refugees who hither came,
Leaving their vine-clad homes in sunny France,
Their father's sepulchres—their children's graves
For their religion ; on these happy shores,
Safe from the cruel sword, and fiery pile,
To worship God !

Annette.—I marvel, thinking thus
Thou dost not join their sainted fellowship ?

Claudia.—Because high heaven in a purer creed
Has kindly me instructed. When a babe,
A weak and helpless infant, born in sin,
My Saviour from my mother's arms me took
And placed the nursling on His spouse's breast,

There to be reared for glory. O, how kind,
How gentle is this mother to her charge,
In feeble childhood—and how watchful still
Through all the flowery paths of youth—the wilds
Of rugged manhood—and the forest drear
Of wintry age. Thus fondly nursed by her,
So long received her children, why should we,
Although descendants of the Huguenots,
Now sever from her altars, and incur
The sin of schism?

Annette.—Were the Huguenots
Schismatics? Heaven forbid!

Claudia.—Perhaps, not they
Who struggled on for conscience sake in France,
Nor they who on that gory day of yore
Supplied a marriage banquet with their blood,
A horrid beverage fit for fiends to quaff!
These men forsook a church and faith corrupt,
Defiled and blood polluted—but their sons
Without a cause, or reason, have foresworn
Their solemn vows baptismal—and despised
The mother of us all,—Jerusalem
That cometh down from God! And thus the guilt
Of schism must rest on them. E'en our sires,

Methinks the ancient worship should have cleansed
From its pollution—and the church restored
The catholic and holy church of Gaul,
That prophesied in sack-cloth while the foe
Trampled upon her head, to her first state
Of purity and honor, with her line,
Of apostolic teachers as of yore.
Your Huguenot is no integral branch
Of Christ's great vine-tree catholic. If so,
Where is her temple service? Where her priests
To guard the ark of God? O, better far
To nestle fondly 'neath the sheltering wing
Of her who nursed us hitherto, than rear
An ark without a priesthood!

Annette.—Why, you preach
With eloquence polemic! and, dear Claude,
If some good fairy would thy sex transform,
We'd have a priest instant! These old books
Lend you a tongue at season—and you're not,
Always, the silent student! But, my dear,
Believe me you have grown as hard and dry
As this old parchment. Burn these musty books;
They fill you with such bigotry, that I
Am forced to fly your company—adieu.

Claudia.—Oh ! call me not a bigot, dearest friend,
But list a reason for the love I bear,
The filial love, I bear towards the church.
My Bible, and the works of holy men,
Ordained of God to be our guides, supply
A reason for the faith that burns within.

Annette.—Well, I would rather hear it quick from thee
Than study it myself, if only here,
In these old musty volumes, it is found.
Proceed then, venerable sage ! proceed,
Since I perforce must listen—but be brief.

Claudia.—Old England's church—I know her chronicle
From those far days, when on her sea-washed shores,
The eastern heralds came and boldly reared
The blood stained banner of Emmanuel's cross ;
Apostles ! or th' apostles true compeers—
Men well instructed in the word of God
Before it was corrupted : Britain then,
Turned from her bloody altars, and her priests
Their orgies kept alone, beneath the oaks
Wailing their lost religion—or, with charms,
Wrought to o'erthrow the new. But, stronger far
The arm that fought for Sion, and the eye,
That watched her servants at their work of love.

Attent. Widely, throughout the land, life's seed
They sowed—Cherished by dews of grace, it lived,
And grew, to yield sweet blossoms for this world
Of sin, and ripen golden fruits for heaven !
That holy church soon spread her branches far,
Ruled by her apostolic princely line
Of heaven-anointed stewards. Bishops and priests
And surpliced deacons, stood in ordered course
Around her altar, long before the sway
Of Roman Gregory, surnamed the great—
Who, when archdeacon of th' imperial queen
Of the known world, pitying the captive band
Of youthful Angli, whom he saw exposed
To heathen sale upon the public mart
And purchased there for slaves—hearing their name,
Exclaimed in pleasant vein, “as angels bright
They shall the pure religion shortly have
And rival them in goodness.” True of heart,
He kept his solemn word ; and when he wore
The triple crown of papal rule, he sent
The holy Austin to their pagan home,
And, with this saint of God, a chosen band
Of noble martyrs came. Upon the shore
Of rocky Kent they landed first, and preached
Before the king. He heard, and by the soft
And gentle influence of his christian queen,—

Bertha, of Gallia's royal line,—consents
They should instruct his people. Thus a way
Was opened for the gospel ; and the land,
Darkened by Saxon conquest, which had driven
The church into the mountain passes wild,
And woody groves of Cambria, once again
Received the light of heaven, and straight put on
The easy yoke of Christ. But time would fail
To tell thee how each petty sovereign state,
Of th' old heptarchy, received the light.
With holy joy did kings and princes then,
And princes' daughters, consecrate their wealth
To honour God withal. Fair Saxon queens,
Following th' illustrious Bertha, joyed to be
Hailed as fond mothers to the nursling church.
In course of time corruption works its way
Into the ark of God. And now her course
Is broken by the furious waves that dash
Against her sides, what time the savage Danes
Broke, like a deluge o'er the peaceful land,
Sweeping away her children. But the crown
Soon decked again the brows of christian kings,
First of the Saxon, then of Norman blood ;
And though were many christian but in name,
The good old ark held her majestic course,

Baffling the rough and troubled waves whereon
She floated in that wild and boisterous age.

Annette.—Surely, you're speaking of old papal Rome?

Claudia.—Of Rome? Not so, dear cousin: wouldst thou call
The chrystal stream that gushes from the rock,
By names of lands through which it sparkles fair
In its bright channel to the ocean wave?
The staff of Rome was swayed o'er England's church;
Her bishops held a patriarchal rule,
Over that stream perennial of the flood
Flowing from Christ the Rock. Alike to this
Was the kind rule paternal, held o'er us,
Their charge in this new world, by a pure line
Of mitred English bishops; till our land
Freeing her shoulders from the British yoke,
The child perforce lost her kind mother's care;
Yet still, from her, right wholesome food she draws,
And thrives upon her sound and healthy word.
In course of time, the Roman pontiff, o'er
The church of God throughout the world, aspired
To sovereignty supreme, and laid his foot
On altar and on throne. The usurper John,
The dastard king of England, seventh in line

From the proud Norman conquest, crouched beneath
The armed heel of Rome and basely gave
His country's church, and her inherent rights,
To bondage and a rough and cruel yoke.
The trembling captive wept three hundred years
Turning her streaming eyes, to Him who reigns
In glory, and whose ears are never closed
To earnest prayer of faith. That piteous cry
To heaven arose ; and thence its glorious King,
In His good time, and with His holy arm,
Wrought her salvation, and His bride arrayed
In the pure robe, blood washed, and snowy veil
Worn at her glad betrothal. New reformed,
In silvery brightness from the dust she rose,
And lightened all the nations with her beams !

Annette.—Art jesting, cousin ? Or, in sober truth,
Mean you to show the present church the same
That ever was in England—not anew
Born at the Reformation, and begun,
To gratify a cruel tyrant's lust ?
Its corner-stone a woman's broken heart—
Its infant wailings hushed by one,—how far
Beneath the mistress she had helped to crush.

Claudia.—I'll weep thee tear for tear o'er Catharine's fate,

And help thy tongue to lecture mistress Anne,
Until th' avenging wrath of heaven appears
To fall on her young head. O, then 'tis time
To sit us down in silence and commune
Each with her sinful heart. Mysterious heaven
Works out its wondrous purposes and brings
Its hidden ends to pass in their good time,
With instruments, that God permits and wills
Whether of good or vile. But still this church
Is aye the same it ever was—the same
As when the Saviour reared the crowning arch
Of that vast temple built of living stones
And martyr blood—himself the corner-stone !—
And shall be still the same, till the last trump
Shall sound the dirge of time, and the last fires
Of a consuming world be quenched by love.
For O, remember,—He who spake the word,
“ Lo ! I am with you alway to the end ”—
Is the true God, and everlasting Life.
How far superior then our Sion is
To off-shoots simply protestant ! Alone
She standeth in her greatness—nor alone,
For God is with her in her faith and works.
They overthrow the ancient church of God
And each another reared to suit their taste.
She reformed the apostolic worship,

And still retained the faith as taught by Jesus.
For th' all-glorious church, the bride of Christ,
Can know no change of faith, and hope, and love,
Instinct forever with the life of God !

Annette.—Thus speaking, you condemn all other creeds ?

Claudia.—No, not condemn, but glory in mine own.

Annette.—Pride, is it not ? How can you reconcile
These boastful words with the humility
The gospel teaches ?

Claudia.—In like spirit with
That noble teacher Paul, who magnified,
In purity of heart, his office high,
Do we extol our pure and holy faith.
When we the church uphold, we honour God,
And in that act of honor, self abase
As lepers in the dust.

Annette.—'Tis vain, I see,
To try to shake *your* faith, nor am *I* changed—
I still must glory in the Huguenots ;
Their fame is so romantic, and such wreaths
Of verdant laurel shade their noble brows—

And then such tales are told of their exploits.
There are, I ween, no thrilling truths like these
Connected with your faith ? you've told me none.

Claudia.—Because I feared thy gentle spirit, coz,
Would lose its patience in such chronicles.
For time would fail to tell the griefs and wrongs
By wicked men and nations heaped upon
The suffering spouse of Christ, from Stephen, first
Of holy martyrs, to the present race ;—
From Hebrews jealous of their olden faith ;
From pagan rulers of imperial Rome ;
And other foes, by gracious Heaven allowed
To purify the gold by fire of love.
Let us restrict our vision to the branch
Of the true church in England. Nor outrun
Your date of suffering martyrs. Let us choose
Our heroes from the bold and saint-like list
That at the Reformation met their doom,
Their cruel doom, and triumphed 'mid the flame.
With Rogers' wife and orphans let us weep,—
The saint, the scholar, and the champion bold
Of woman's fame, and her pure rights as spouse,
And help-meet for the minister of God.
Or take our stand with Hooper's sorrowing flock,
(As poets say the heaven-protected bird

In death gives forth its sweetest note) to hear
His dying witness to the sacred truth,
And blessed doctrines, that he joyed to preach.
See him the tempting pardon put aside
And calmly fit him for his dreadful doom.
Oh, cruel winds ! why add your wrath to man's ?
Or was it all in kindness that ye blew
The blazing faggots from his scorching frame ?
But mortal pains and sufferings moved him not—
E'en from the flame his voice arose in prayer ;
And, like his Master's, potent still in death,
Breathed its last wish in love to God and man.
Triumphantly did Sanders meet his fate :
He hailed the cruel stake as Jesus' cross—
Saw, o'er the flaming flood, the heavenly shore,
And gladly welcomed everlasting life !—
But see the beacon blazes which shall ne'er
Burn out, or be extinguished, while the sun
Holds his true course in yonder azure sky !
Old Oxford's towers, illuminate thereby,
More brilliant shine and beautiful ! For who,
Among the martyrs, are more honored now
Than those two saintly brothers in the faith ?
Renowned for virtue, truth, and piety :
Bold Latimer, for quaint and fearless wit !
Immortal Ridley, for his deep research !

Annette.—Methinks, in youth, I read their history.

Claudia.—Doubtless : and o'er their fate did shed the tear
Of childish sympathy. One more sad sketch,
From history's page, and then I pause. Cranmer—
Ah ! who can paint thy sufferings keen, most meek
Of woman born, since he who Israel led
From the Egyptian bondage, sent by God
To rescue them in need. O, mark him well,
When full of years and fame, enthroned in state,
Primate of England—noblest of her priests,
But pure and simple in his life—his heart
From pride and falsehood free—anxious to work
The church's freedom from the world's dread yoke
By slow, wise, quiet means : not purging her
By fiery flame, or drowning her in blood.
If once he leaned to cruelty—if once
In weakness fell—O, let us not condemn
Him that was only man ! Who, in a life
So long, so seldom erred ? So dearly paid
The penalty of sin ? But see him now,—
The offending member punished, and the debt
Paid to the utmost farthing—stand erect
And calm amid his foes. His sufferings fierce
Appear to touch him not—to all on earth
Insensible, his soul communes with God

And his poor frame, though bent beneath the weight
Of time and woe, rises with youthful force
And almost seems celestial ! Thus he passed
From life to death, from earth to heaven : his heart
Amid its mortal dust unscathed was found.
So runs the story, and a lover I,
Of the miraculous, am slow to doubt
So true a token of his constancy.

Annette.—My thanks enthusiast, and now, adieu !
You've helped to charm away the tedious morn,
And haply filled my thoughts with something new ;
Whene'er I need amusement, I will come
And hear you preach again.

Claudia.—Madcap farewell !
But take this little book, for it doth teach
Much better than can I, our mother's rich
True story. 'Tis the work by Southey writ,
The poet chronicler. Its precepts sound
Observe. One word at parting, then adieu ;
Would that your sect would imitate, in truth,
The good example by her sister set
In a fair northern land ; and once again
Take its lost place among the saints of God—
Within the true, immortal church of Christ.

A VISION OF THE TEMPLE.

METHOUGHT I stood beneath a glorious dome—

A temple vast and beautiful—more grand
Than any wrought by purely mortal hand,
Whether cathedral, minster, or, old Rome,
Thy famed St. Peter's—or that house of yore
Built by Solomon. On either side
Arose its polished columns, and the floor

Displayed most rare mosaics : As a bride
Bedecked it was with jewels. While I gazed
And looked around in wonder, all amazed—

One touched mine eyes, and lo ! each column high
Assumed the appearance of a man of woe,
Some wrapped in flame ; from some red blood did flow :

Each on the altar fixed a steady eye :
What view they there transfixed on bloody tree ?
The builder of this temple—lo ! 'tis He.

Sonnets.

I.

"O, HOW AMIABLE ARE THY DWELLINGS, THOU LORD OF HOSTS."

LORD ! to thy sacred temple I have been
Where many go to worship and to pray ;
But ah ! so far my sinful feet do stray,
From out the paths of peace, that, even there
Within thine awful house of praise and prayer,
Dread Father, earthly thoughts arise and wean
My soul from thee and heaven. O ! would that I
My heart from every earthly stain could free
And on thine altar lay—with tear and sigh,
An offering pure—not quite unworthy thee.
Harsh penance cannot purge the guilt away !—
Ah ! whither shall I turn ? " Uplift thine eyes,
See through the gloom the cross of Christ arise—
That ruby fount alone can cleanse. Look up and pray."

II.

“MY SOUL HATH A DESIRE AND LONGING TO ENTER INTO THE
COURTS OF THE LORD.”

“EVEN THY ALTARS, O LORD OF HOSTS, MY KING AND MY GOD.”

Methinks, I would be happy could I stray

Up to thy temple, and my body lay

Prostrate before thine altar, as of yore,

Pure saints and virgins, and confessors bold,

Before the world was wise, and harsh, and cold,

Were wont to do.—O, could I thus adore

Thee, Saviour Lord, methinks my heart would feel

Somewhat of peace and happiness—for oh !

There is no balm in this rude world to heal ;

No medicines for the broken-hearted grow

Mid the bright flowers of earth. All, seeming fair,

They perish with the first rude blast of air,

And leave no charm behind. Low at thine altar laid,

Perchance some dewy balm may drop upon my head !

III.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

“TWO MEN WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.”

Ah ! me, the church's doors are closed—none, now,
Dare to her altars go in faith to bow

Unseen by man, before the God of heaven,—
Lest sinful ones should shoot the lip and say,

“Lo ! here is he that goeth up to pray

His face toward Rome.” O, erring sister, riven
From the true faith, and covered o'er with stains,
How much of good within thy pale remains,

Which we have scorned, and cast behind our back !
We dread the cross—you press it to your breast—
Oh, have we not, with this sweet badge of rest,

Bartered our gain for loss ? The cares that rack—
The pains and ills that line life's dreary way,
Clinging unto the cross—how had they passed for aye !

Sonnets.

“LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.”—*Ps. lxi. 26.*

“O lead me to the rock that’s high and sure,
That in its sheltering clefts I may abide,
Until these cruel waves have passed me o’er :—
The waves are running mountain high—the tide
Will soon o’erwhelm me, if I cannot gain
That place of safety, and my arms entwine
Firmly around the cross. Oh, I am fain
To cry for help ! The day is on decline,
The night is coming, and the heavens o’ercast ;
And on the waste of waters, cold and dark,
No star of hope doth shine. And, listen, hark !
A cry of woe is borne upon the blast.—
Alas ! no ark of safety do I spy,
“O lead me to the rock that’s higher far than I.”

THE CHURCH.

No ark of safety nigh ! The church is here,—
Thy fortress ! and its firm foundations lie
Deep in the rock that steadfast is and high :—
Oh enter and receive its goodly cheer :—

Oh, lay thy form, storm-wasted, in her arms,
Thy mother's arms,—and still thy wild alarms :—
Let thy sick head recline upon her breast,
She will relieve and lull thy cares to rest :
Then dread no more the waters as they rise.
Founded upon that rock, the church for aye
Shall rest secure—Its towers within the sky !
There ever reigns its Head supreme : His eyes
See from the clouds its faith and love : His ears
'Mid heavenly music, hear the church's prayers.

A COUNTRY GRAVE YARD.

There is a quiet spot I love to tread,
A spot where leaves are sighing, and the air
Is vocal with the song of birds ; for there
Man seldom comes : The city of the dead !—
Man seldom comes, but when by others borne
And rendered up to earth. Yet sometimes, here,
The child of sorrow strays to shed a tear
Upon some cherished grave ! Such one this morn
I met returning as I hither came :—
A mother ! she had been to weep alone
Over a daughter dear : No polished stone,
Claiming the gazer's eye, records her name ;

But here a father's hand has placed, with care,
Two willow boughs—O, may they flourish fair!

THE BLASTED TREE.

Amid this grave-yard's vernal grove is found
An aged tree, so withered, dead and sere,
It must be many a day since birds of air
Have built among its branches. To the ground
One riven bough is bent, whose leafless arms
Form a strange rustic seat,—uncouth, I own,
Yet here I love, at times, to sit alone,
Beside the forest skeleton—Nor alarms
Bring such scenes unto me. Resting upon
This prostrate tree, I muse on those below,
Now mouldering into dust, their short race run :
Their fleshless bones these blasted boughs do show—
As insects now upon these branches prey,
So worms on them until the judgment day!

THE CHAPEL.

I love with Canaan's race our God to meet
In prayer! Servant of servants though they be,
Yet heirs with us of—immortality!—

Behold within their midst the beauteous feet
Of one who brings glad tidings ! Lo ! e'en here
The Lord's anointed do not scorn to come.
Her dusky sons are to our mother dear ;
She opes her arms and bids them welcome home.
There are who say " the church is for the great,
The poor she starves !" Let such but once attend
Our little chapel—and the poor man's friend,
They must in future name her. High her state,
And wonderful her services !—E'en here,
As in the proudest minster, shining fair !

THE RESURRECTION.

The preacher of the resurrection told ;
And with what bodies we should then appear,
To meet our awful judge in middle air !
Methought I saw the very graves unfold
And render up their dead ! This solemn speech,
Collected from the holy " book of books,"
Seemed to the sinner's inmost soul to reach,
And ask for entrance there. " The man who looks
Around on nature sees it written plain
On every thing that dies and lives again."—
Hard by the church, a little quiet grave
Contains the ashes of a sleeping boy ;

Long time he parted from us—but in joy
Lives on the breast of Him who died to save!

THE CHURCH'S PRAYER IN LENT.

ONCE more the church with solemn voice is calling,
Her truant children to draw nigh and pray,
And mourn o'er sins that caused their grievous falling
From grace and mercy of the gospel day.

“Have I not nursed you with the gentlest tending?
Yet have ye been forgetful of my care.”
Lo! on my knees before high heaven I'm bending—
And, God of mercy! lend thy gracious ear.

My children have forsaken thee, and wandered
Far from the paths—the pleasant paths of peace;
The precious treasures of thy Spirit squandered
For worthless objects of the world's increase.

Their souls abhor the strong and wholesome diet,
On which I've fed them from thy plenteous store;
With wandering eyes, and restless feet—unquiet,
They quit thy temple, pass thy viands o'er.

With worldly ears, and earth-born wrapt attention
They list the teachers by thy Son not sent ;
Let his anointed ones their duty mention,
In listless musings, lo ! their eyes are bent.

And, more than this—the brother armed 'gainst brother,
With angry look, and cruel word, doth chide ;
The christian feelings in their bosom smother,
And wound Christ's body in their wanton pride.

For these, and many things, my fond heart grieveth,
As but a mother's tender heart can grieve ;—
My stricken bosom now the deep sigh heaveth ;
But in thy hand their hapless case I leave.

Oh ! God of love ! let thy free Spirit's telling,
Incline their hearts to listen to my voice,
That once again, within thy temple dwelling,
Thou may'st behold them ; while thy courts rejoice.

GOOD FRIDAY.

THE day of darkness and of wo,
Dawneth upon the world,—and lo !
The church, toward the mount of sighs,

Turneth her dim and streaming eyes ;
And in her garb of grief and loss,
Kneeleth beside the Saviour's cross.

I may not thither hie,
And with her sadly lie
Prostrate upon the earth, and hear
The Saviour's agonizing prayer.
But far away,
Where lone I stray,
Methinks the woods around
Echo the mournful sound ;
Mournful and sad—yet full of hope and joy !—
That cry has freed the world from Satan's dread annoy.

But ah ! that echo reaches not
The heart that's dead and cold,
That never heaved a sorrowing sigh—
That never raised a streaming eye
Unto the throne of God—or told
The awful sins that blot
The purity of that deep cell,
Where erst the Spirit loved to dwell.

Then, guilty soul, review the past—
Perchance this solemn day's the last
That ever shall be granted thee,

Thyself from crime and stain to free.

Commencing with the night

When Christ ordained the rite,

That, to the sorrowing sinner gives

The grace by which he strives and lives ;

Pass with him through the scenes of strife,

Weeping the follies of thy life.

The supper over—and the hymn—

Speed to Mount Olivet with him :

Nor fail to watch one little hour,

While, in yon woody bower.

Prostrate upon the earth. He lies,

And to his Father cries,

“ If it be possible, let this cup pass”—

It must be drained, alas !

Shrink not my soul, in fright,

From the heart-rending sight :

See what the Saviour bore—

Red blood from every pore

Fell, fell for you,

Like drops of dew,

Upon th' astonished ground,

Sprinkling the flowers around.

But lo ! an angel thitherward doth fly !

New strength will he supply.

Fly persecuted Hart—for lo ! at hand,
The traitor and his band
Come on with silent tread.
Now, with a kiss profane,
The leader of the train
Points them the One.
The eternal Son
A glimpse of God-head throws,
On his beleaguering foes ;
From that effulgent light
They back recoil in fright,
And fall as dead.

The Shepherd now is smitten, and the sheep
Scattered and made to fly :
Peter will soon deny,
Then turn, and weep.
One sad, kind glance by Jesus given,
The rock has riven—
And tears of penance flow,
Washing his sin and wo.

Now, sad of heart, with the beloved friend,
Follow and see the end.
The mockery—the robe of scorn—
The cruel crown of plaited thorn ;

His body bared before his foes,
And scourged with fierce and savage blows ;
“The plowers plowing on his back,”
Leaving a long and bloody track ;
His sacred visage sadly marred,
Now worshipped by his angel guard :
His strength exhausted 'neath the load
That he must bear along the road
To Calvary. The cross of shame,
On which he suffered in our name ;
And felt the anguish of that hour

When Satan tried his power,
And, from the realms of darkness and of night,
Summon'd for deadly fight

His dismal band :
The fiends of hell,
Obey his spell,
And gather thick on either hand ;
Waging a fearful strife
Against the Lord of life!

A fearful strife !
Alone he meets the shock—
For e'en his Father's smile was gone,
He bears the storm alone :
Our hope—our rock—

The Lord of life !
Man's sin upon him lay,
And from the dismal sight Jehovah turned away !
Then was he forced to make that bitter cry,
" My God, my God—lama sabacthani."

See, through the darkness now,
A golden ray is streaming !
On yon pale, clammy brow,
A crown of light is beaming !
He bows his head,—
And with a clear voice, cries
" 'Tis finished !"
And dies.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE WITNESSED ON EASTER-DAY.

HARK ! to the golden harps !—there's joy in Heaven,
Two ransomed souls have owned redeeming love ;
Two ransomed souls, from sin and folly riven,
Knelt at thine altar, by the soft-wing'd dove,
Led thitherward, upon this " day of days."—
Now, to the triune God, all glory, honour, praise !

All glory, honour, that the young are taught
 The truths so closely hid, from sage of yore !
 All glory, honour, to the Lamb who bought,
 With his most precious blood, our life !—Adore,
 Oh ! all ye kindred of the earth and skies,
 The mystery of love,—lo ! God, for sinners, dies.

Two youthful hearts, as pure as hearts can be,
 Unwashed by precious blood, of Jesus slain ;
 Two youthful hearts were offered Lord, to thee ;
 Upon thine altar may they aye remain,
 Safe from the world's pollution and its woe,
 Until the tide of time shall cease, for them, to flow.

Pure in our eyes—yet by the lamps of heaven
 They quickly spied the sins from others hid ;
 God's holy word, a lantern bright, was given,
 By it they wrought—by it they strove to rid
 Their souls of stain—saw all within unclean,
 And learnt, upon the cross, for strength and aid, to lean.

Else had they never sought thine altars's side,
 Or knelt in humble faith and sorrow there ;
 Still in their sins contented to abide—
 Did not thy spirit guide their footsteps near
 The cold sepulchre—there to hide their sin,
 Not seek with tearful eyes their buried Lord within.

All praise ! their buried Lord has quit the grave,
 Triumphant high o'er sin, and death, and hell ;—
 All praise ! their risen Lord is strong to save :—
 Shout glad hosannas !—with sweet voices tell
 The glorious news, nor ever cease the song,
 Till in the heavenly courts we join th' angelic throng.

“CAN YE DRINK OF THE CUP THAT I DRINK OF ?”

MAN does not know—man cannot tell—
 Thou, only, knowest well,
 Jehovah, Lord, the anguish that I feel
 When in thy house I kneel ;
 Thou who hast fashioned me beyond belief,
 Knowest my full heart's grief.

Lord, thou hast said,—“take this, thy cross,
 Follow, nor count it loss ;
 A little while I give thee here to sigh,
 Then reign with me on high :”
 Oh ! with this faithful word in store laid up,
 Can I not drink the cup ?

The bitter cup, held to my lip,
 And given me to sip—

To sip, but thou the very dregs didst drain,
In agony and pain!
The very dregs!—Thy Father's presence flown,
Bound on the cross alone.

Christ bore alone—I have a friend—
“Listen my soul, attend;
Though far above, in heaven, he reigneth high,
He hears thy troubled cry;
And if, in faith, thou takest the cup and cross,
He will make up the loss.”

THE BROKEN VOW.

“PROSTRATE before thine altar, Lord, I lie;—
Unworthy, I,
To taste the riches of thy saving grace,
Or, seek thy face;
But thou didst call me with thy voice of love,
And lo! thy dove
Hovered above me with soft pinion spread,
And, following in his track, e'en hitherward he led!

Nor would I quit thine altar now for gold;
Or, e'er be sold

Back from the plough, where once he put his hand,
Can never stand
Within God's kingdom ? No admittance given
To such in heaven ?
Then where can I for comfort look, or find
The precious balm to heal, or soothe, my wounded mind ?

“Not on this earth !”—No medicine here is found
To heal thy wound ;
E'en thy physician dwells not here below—
Yet cease that flow
Of bitter tears—thine eyelids lift, and see
He pleads for thee ;
From him the Father turneth not his ear—
Lo ! He will send a balm to ease thine every care !

GOD'S WORD COMFORTS THE DESPAIRING SOUL.

THE prophet's words of woe,
And tear-drops bitter flow,
What time he cursed the day that gave him birth,
Wishing his mother's womb,
Had been his silent tomb,
Securely there to lie, hid from the cares of earth.

Or Job's—when sorely tried,
He, in his anguish, cried,
“Let the day perish and the night be dark—
May cloudy shadows blight,
For aye, the glad sun's light,
And twilight stars no more the peaceful evening mark.”

Lord, I have caught their sigh,
Their gloomy words apply
To my sad case. Their curses dark and drear,
And cries of bitterness,
I would to thee address,
But for thy gracious word that bids me not despair.

“O full of grief and wo,
Unto thy Saviour go ;
Cast all thy care on him, poor burdened soul—
In darkness and despair,
Thy Saviour—God—is near ;
Behold him in the cloud, or billows fearful roll.

Like flowers that gladly lie
Under the bright sun's eye,
Waiting the time when his warm beams shall ope
Their brilliant leaves ;—so thou,
Thy head in meekness bow,
And wait the Sun of Righteousness arise in hope !

At night, the chill dews fall
Upon the flowerets all,
But see the darkness now has fled away !
Night will not aye remain,
The morning breaks again,
And joy and hope return with the bright tints of day !

MUTABILITY.

WHAT things through countless ages last ?
Ask of the long forgotten past—
The pride of kings—The blaze of fame—
The conqueror's far extended name—
Jewels of Ind up-heap'd in store—
The student's wealth of classic lore—
All things the earth-born fondly eye,—
Thou old and antique past show where their glories lie !

“Kings in the dust ;—the light of fame
Lost in the darkness whence it came ;
Proud conquerors passed from earthly power ;
Jewels that sparkled for an hour
Cankered with rust and slow decay,
Or in a moment swept away ;

And look ye sons of science—own
How worthless e'en the things o'er which ye toil and groan !”

Fame and ambition cannot live :—
Do not the heart's affections give
More solace, and endure for aye ?
Love, will not perish with the day :
Truth in the soul will sure abide :—
May we not trust a friend—a guide—
Or, on a mother's bosom rest,
Without a thought to mar, the quiet of the breast ?

Again, Time's hollow voice replies—
“ Trust not to brightly beaming eyes ;
With one arm, Love has man caress'd,
And with the other, in his breast
Plunged the sharp steel, without a sigh.
A mother, with averted eye,
Will turn from her own child. Then, where,
Seek we for changeless truth, and endless blessings here ?”

Nothing endures ! Then let me lay
My head at once beneath the clay ;
Since to oblivion all is given,
And e'en our warm affections driven
From their fond hope and happy trust.

Yes, let me lie at once in dust ;
For there, at least, this beating heart
Shall, with its daring hopes, and painful struggles, part !

“Mortal, forbear ! Who said that all
Perished, when once the funeral pall
Is hung above the sleeping clay ?
All earthly things do pass away ;
The heavenly—they shall live, and shed
A brilliant glory on the head,
In that celestial city bright,
Where there's no need of sun, or moon, or stars of night !”

A SONG OF PRAISE.

SING to the Lord, my soul, a song—
A song of love and praise ;
For he has heard thy bitter cry,
And lengthen'd out thy days :
His heavy hand, and chastening rod,
Have been removed—Oh ! praise thy God.

Sing to the Lord, my glory thou,
Best member ! Speak aloud

The praises of thy God, until
They reach and pierce the cloud ;
Repeat the notes of joy that lie,
Hid in the heart, from mortal eye.

Sing to the Lord ! yea, all within
Prolong the grateful theme ;
For lo ! thy griefs have passed away
A dim remembered dream—
A dim remembered dream of night ;
The day-star rises ! all is bright !

Sing to the Lord ! For many years
Thy sighs and moans arose ;
Sing a new song of praise to him,
From whom all comfort flows.
Each member of this sinful frame,
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name.

“ LORD, SAVE US ; WE PERISH.”—*Matt. 8 c. 25 v.*

SAVE, Lord ! thy holy ark is tossed,
On turbid waves of sin,
And fearfully upon the air

Is borne the frightful din,
Of voices harsh and rude,
Exulting in our woe,
And crying, "soon the world
Your church will overthrow."

Around us, on the briny deep,
Lo ! horrid monsters rage,
And with thy sacred bark, O Lord,
A warfare fierce engage.
With gaping mouths they stand,
And eye-balls strained to see,
The moment when our bark
A shivered wreck shall be.

Now plunged in awful deep abyss,
The boat of life seems lost,
Anon, upon the heaving breast
Of ocean it is tossed.
Borne by the boist'rous wind
Up to the welkin high,
Whose sable shrouds obscure,
The torches of the sky.

Save, Lord ! the hoarse euroclydon
Affrights our troubled crew,

And echoes fill the rising gale,
 "The breakers are in view."
 Unaided on her way,
 Across the stormy wave,
 Where is the human arm
 This foundering bark can save ?

Gloom all—yet let us not despair,
 Oh ! seamen in the ark !
What tho' the waves swell mountain high ;
 And all around is dark ;
 Christ is among us here,
 Ready the storm to chide,
 If, with but steadfast faith,
 We trust him for our guide.

Look up—and on the dusky face
 Of night, behold afar,
Ye mariners of hope ! where gleams
 The light of yonder star ;
 Its ray shines forth to cheer,
 As beacon light of even,
 To guide us to our haven rest,
 Our peaceful home, in heaven.

LINES,

TO THE TRUE SONS OF THE CHURCH.

SOLDIERS of Christ, well done !
 Bold champions of the creed,
 Ye who the church's battles fought,
 In her dark hour of need ;
 Who raised her fallen banner high,
 Spreading its glories to the sky !

Our banner of the cross,
 With all its sacred signs,
 Had from the battlements been torn,
 And flung without the lines,
 By its own guardians, ere the flood
 Of battle rolled its waves of blood !

But Zion's watchmen slept,
 They slumbered on the wall ;
 And grievous robbers, entering in,
 Decreed the church's fall !—
 They closed her doors on holy days,
 And mocked at all her solemn ways.

The Shepherds—now her walls,
Are sadly overthrown—
Lead out their flocks to water, where
Of living streams, are none ;
And there, with wand'ring sheep they stray ;
Or, on dark mountains, lose their way.

But boldly have ye stood,
And still, as boldly stand,
To battle for the Lord of Hosts,
A small, yet valiant band ;
For, clothed in panoply complete,
What foe thy spirit-swords can meet !

Again, we cry—"well done,"
Oh, great and noble men !
A little longer brave the fight,
For holy church—and then
Her enemies and foes o'erthrown,
Await, in hope, your heavenly crown !

“WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP.”—*Rom. 12 chap. 15 v.*

WEEP with the widowed one—
She has drunk deeply of the cup of woe!
For her let pity's tears forever flow,
Till life's long race is won.

She has lost her earthly stay—
For her the flowers no longer brightly bloom,
The beauteous world seems desolate—and gloom
Surrounds her lonely way.

But there is one can cheer—
Yes, one whose ears are open to her cry,
Who dries her tears, and bids her look on high--
Jehovah ! he is near.

Weep with the orphan's,—weep !
Their father's watchful care has been removed—
They've lost, for aye, the mother whom they loved :
In death's embrace they sleep.

Who shall protect them now ?
Who shall lead up their footsteps to the Lord ?—
Who shall to his most holy will and word,
Teach their young hearts to bow ?

The Almighty?—He has said,
Leave ye, your fatherless, unto my care,
And let your widows unto me repair,
And they shall nothing need.

Weep with the mother sad—
Who now in agony and silent grief,
Mourns for her dead, and findeth no relief,
In wo's dark mantle clad.

The father, who has lost
His eldest born, the anchor of his pride ;
His friend, companion, counsellor and guide ;
Weep, for his hopes are crost.

And with the humblé poor—
They who from day to day, 'mid toil and care,
Look up to heaven, in agony and prayer,
T' increase their scanty store.

The broken hearted too,
Whose youthful hopes have been forever crushed,
And the warm feelings of their bosoms hushed,
Turn their sad look to you.

Yes, every child of grief,
Looks to the christian, for the silent prayer,

The pitying heart, the sympathizing tear,
The ready, prompt relief.

THE VIRGIN'S LAMP.

Look to thy lamp, young Virgin! slumbering there,
What time the Bridegroom tarrieth. Rise and trim
Thy silver lamp with care, for see the light
Flickers as 'twould flash out. Pare off the wick,
Pour in the fragrant oil-drops, and relume,
From the bright torch of love, thy flame; for lo!
Far up the lengthened way, the Bridegroom's train
From out the Palace gate now issueth;
As when the rosy car of morn, breaks through
The purple door of light! And hark! the peal
Of merry bells—the cymbals deafening clash,
And the sweet sound of dulcimer and lute.

Look to thy lamp! What, is thy oil all spent?
Alas! poor maiden—now it is too late
To search for those who sell the precious food
Of light. Nor have they, loved companions, e'en
A drop to spare. Alas! the train is near—
Torches gleam round the royal canopy,

And show the Bridegroom's form, all glorious,
On silken couch recumbent; and his name
Thereon inscribed, is Love! O, foolish one!
Too late they've passed—and see, thy lamp's gone out.

Look to thy lamp, fair Virgin! Make it bright,
For the gay train's at hand: Pour in the oil—
Wisely thy vessel's full—and odour sweet
The spikenard hath with spice and myrrh commixed.
Quickly entwine the rose-wreath round thy brow,
And join the maidens in the tuneful choir,
In honour of Christ's nuptials. Happy one!
Come to the marriage feast—and nectar quaff
Of life and love. Now is your brilliant lamp
A burning star, lighting the festal board,
Where, with his blood-bought spouse, the Saviour holds
The marriage banquet, and the feast of love!

THE CROSS.

Oh! tempt me not to lay aside
My little cross of gold;
'Tis hung above my heart, to show
I'm of the Saviour's fold.

At baptism, was that symbol given,
When we were sealed the heirs of heaven!

And mark ye, in no secret place
It then was hid away,
But placed upon the open brow,
To blaze in face of day.
A sign—the foe we ne'er should fly,
But for the Saviour live and die!

His soldiers—lo! the cross we bear
Upon our standard high;
Look, as we fling it to the breeze,
How bold our colours fly!
With that free banner o'er our head,
Who should the fiercest battle dread!

And in those dark and gloomy caves,
Where early christians met,
It shone a bright and burning star,
Above their altars set;
A star of hope—a lamp of love—
Fed with the oil-drops from above!

'Twas carved upon their martyr tombs,
'Twas worn upon the breast;—

Where was the warrior-hand of might
 Could tear it from their crest ?
And virgins, on high festal hours,
Entwined the holy sign with flowers !

Then, tempt me not, this sign to hide,—
 This best love-token, dear ;
Haply, a furtive glance thereat,
 May 'wake my soul to prayer ;
Or, turn me from some deed of guilt,
To think of Him whose blood was spilt.

Oh ! mock not at my little cross,
 Or superstitious deem,
This token of the holy faith,
 Nor fancy that I dream :
'Twill chase the impious foes afar,
That wound us in the christian war.

Nor fear that I have turned aside,
 From the old paths of light ;
Towards the miry ways of Rome,
 Taken erratic flight.
Was it for that old church of pride,
Alone, the blessed Saviour died ?

Ah ! mock not at my little cross—
This token loved by few,
Upon the resurrection morn,
Shall break upon their view!
The awful sign upon the sky,
That the avenging Judge is nigh !

And, O ! this symbol of our faith,
Methinks, shall ever gleam,
Within the city of our God,
Fast by the crystal stream ;
O'er pearly gate—on golden dome—
Of our eternal, blessed home!

THE BURIAL.

HE stood, in silent agony, beside the open grave
Of one he loved, and would, I ween, have given much to save ;
Upon his lofty brow were seen the troubled shades of thought,
And many were the heavy sighs with which his breast was
fraught.

No tear-drops on his cheek was seen—no moisture dimmed
his eye,

But mark ye how the bosom heaved with the long-stifled sigh?
The proud man may not weep; but here were othermarks,
to show
How desp'rately and deep the heart was struggling with its woe.

The firm compressed lips—the form—so statue-like and still;
The folded arms across the breast—the calm determined will—
To keep from stranger-eyes the grief that paled his cheek the
while,
Robbing the bright fire from his eye—scaring the brilliant smile.

He stood beside the holy man, and heard “how short is life;”
“How full of misery and woe—of agony and strife;
“How like sweet flowers, we spring to life, to be cut down
and die,
“Or, like a shadow, flitting swift before the gazer's eye.”

That agonizing cry he heard, ascending high to thee:
“Suffer us not, most holy God, to die eternally;
“The secrets of our hearts, O Lord, are open to thy sight,
“Suffer us not, from pains of death, to fall from thee and light.”

He helped the coffin down within the silent grave, with care,
And earth upon the body cast—what time the man of prayer,
With eyes up-raised to heaven, in hope, committed to the
ground

Our brother,—till th' archangel's trump shall wake the dead
around,—

And call them to arise and meet the Saviour come in power,
To judge the world for earthly deeds :—O, who shall stand
that hour !

But, hark ! a voice from heaven is heard to cry aloud and say—
“ From henceforth, blessed are the dead in Christ who pass
away.

“ E'en so, the spirit saith—they rest from all their labors free,
“ Until the resurrection morn shall call them home to thee
“ Their Saviour—God.” Thy holy prayer ascended now to
heaven ;

A few more holy words, and then the parting grace was given.

In solemn tones it met the ear—“ The grace of Christ the
Lord ;

“ The love of God, who dwells on high, and Holy Ghost adored ;

“ In fellowship united—deign, to bless us Power Triune,

“ Till, in thy glorious courts above, thy praises we attune.”

He stood, the last at the closed grave : I breathed a silent
prayer,

That the blessed Spirit would descend upon him, even there ;

The holy flame of love so melt the stony heart within,

That it should ne'er again become the dwelling place of sin.

So, when his hour is come, and friends are called to lay him low,
They may, with hope, within the grave his mortal part bestow;
Trusting, that as the fragrant buds in spring-time bloom again,
His body, from the silent tomb, shall burst, with Christ to reign.

'Twas Spring—the glad birds sung around; sweet flowers
perfumed the air;
And low winds sighed, amid the boughs of old oaks growing
there;
All nature smiled around and seemed in mockery to smile,
Or, decked her in her brightest robes, our sorrows to beguile.

A year has passed—yet seeks he not the temple of his God,
Nor has the stubborn spirit bowed beneath the chastening rod;
Still trust I, that the whispered prayer mounted on angel's
wing,
And that the messenger of peace will soon an answer bring.

THE DEATH-ANGEL.

I SAW a happy child one day,
Upon an emerald mead, at play
With flowerets, scattered there by Spring,
As she flew o'er on buoyant wing.
The child right lovely was, and fair;

Of golden hue her silken hair,
Which floated lightly to the breeze,
With graceful negligence and ease,
As bounding like a summer fawn,
She sported o'er the sylvan lawn.
Her sparkling eyes shone clear and bright
As stars upon a wintry night ;
Or, moist with pity's glistening dew,
They gleamed as lovely violets blue.
But not a tear-drop then was seen—
Her laugh, her shout, her joyous mien,
Told she was pleasure's child that day ;
An airy, fluttering, gladsome fay.
I saw her—O, what pure delight !
Culling of flowerets, sweet and bright ;
With loveliest of these blossoms rare,
She wove a chaplet for her hair ;
Then tossed the others—happy child !
Over her head in joyance wild ;
And now, from flower to flower, she flew,
Her wasted treasure to renew.

What time I gazed on her at play,
Behold, an angel flew that way !
Glorious his garb—all dazzling white—
Inwrought with gold and jewels bright ;

His gleaming wing, as swift he flew
Along the vault of heavenly blue,
The sweetest tones of music made,
And woke to harmony the glade.
The child delighted, looked around,
And listened the melodious sound ;
No music she had ever heard,
No song, no chaunt, no note of bird ;
Not e'en her mother's voice at night,
E'er filled her soul with such delight !
But not to her the sight was given,
Of this bright messenger of heaven.
In his right hand, he held on high,
A flower of far more beauteous dye,
Than lily in the vale which grows,
Or, than the sweet moss-covered rose ;
Brighter than golden jasmine's spray,
More odorous than the gales that play,
O'er Persia's rose-fields, or that sigh
Around thy tents, sweet Araby !
Surely, her guardian spirit this,
Bearing her, from the realms of bliss,
Some token of deep love—a flower
Endowed with amaranthine power,
And culled from banks of that pure stream,
Where rays of heavenly glory beam.

The seraph lighted not on earth—
But threw the treasure, as in mirth,
Just at the lovely maiden's feet,
Then sped away on pinions fleet!
Gay pleasure sparkling in her eyes,
With dimpled hand she seized the prize,
Gazed on it lovingly—then prest
The beauteous stranger to her breast.
But, O! too tempting was that flower—
Woe to her mother's heart that hour!
For, lovely as it was, and rare,
Lo! the death-angel flung it there!

When next I saw her, she was laid
In death, and for the grave arrayed;
She slept within her coffin small,
Above her, hung the dismal pall,
Her little hands upon her breast
Were crossed, in token of the rest
Secured for her, and saints above,
By the Redeemer's dying love.
The chaplet, woven in her glee,
Circled her brow and ringlets free;
So calmed she looked, so passing fair,
She seemed a cherub slumbering there!

I saw her parents' bitter wo—
Their agonizing sighs—the flow
Of burning tear-drops—but, forbear
To paint their grief, almost despair ;
Too sacred in its early day,
For my rude hand to tear away
The veil that hides it from all eyes :
Yet my warm heart's deep sympathies,
Made me essay their woes to calm—
“ Mother, lay to thy wound this balm,
Thy child, within her bower of rest,
Is happier than upon thy breast.”
“ Father, thy child is with her God—
Then bow submissive 'neath the rod.”
“ Oh, she went hence without a stain,
Forget thy wo—recount her gain—
No spot on her baptismal vest,
All unpolluted her pure breast,
Undimmed the cross upon her brow,
Unbroken her soul-binding vow ;
And e'en the cleansing fontal shower,
Still glistened on thy lovely flower ;
So short and sweet her fragrant bloom,
Ere she was summoned to the tomb.”
The tomb !—her form alone is there,

And then each atom's kept with care !
And soon that Spring-time will come 'round,
When thy sweet flower shall burst the ground,
A radiant and a precious gem,
To deck the Saviour's diadem !

Limerick;

OR,

COUNTRY LIFE IN SOUTH-CAROLINA.

I.

OLD England's Bards, 'round rural sports have flung
A pleasing charm—in sweetest notes have sung
Of country life—of palace, farm and cot,
Of ancient seats—of fairy bower and grot—
Of christmas times, when happy friends surround
The blazing hearth, and merry tales abound—
Of times of yore, when the grim Boar-head graced
The social board, and, borne aloft, was placed,
With song and chaunt, 'mid viands rich and rare,
On hospitable table, spread with care:
Meanwhile the yule-log blazed upon the hearth,
And masks and mummers helped to raise the mirth!
Oh! good old times! you're altered much, they say,—
But yet old England boasts her merry May,
When she still decks herself in robe of green,
And lads and lasses crown the village queen,

And dance around the May-pole, passing gay,
With rosy wreaths and garlands twined that day.
Poetic sport ! long may it hold its place,
And tow'ring May-poles every village grace !

But turn we now to our own joyous throng,
Of country sports :—for England cease our song
Of fond regret, for that her merry days
Now scarcely live, save in her ancient lays !—
Those ancient lays—and Howitt's rustic lyre,
Strung with harmonious chords, shall yet inspire
Old sports and pastimes, as in days of yore,
Throughout that happy land—from shore to shore.

Our country life, how different, yet how dear !
What though to England's rural life, not near
In wealth and splendor—yet it has my heart,
And I shall weep with all its joys to part :—
Its social evenings 'round the blazing fire,
Its pleasant walks, when we alone retire
To some green wood, to muse away the hours,
Lulled by the hum of bee amid the flowers !

Winter has come, to many countries drear,
With us, the brightest season of the year ;
For though his garb with snow he decketh now,

And binds a frozen circlet on his brow,
Wrapping him 'round with skins and furs the while,
Yet soon he throws them off, and, with a smile,
Displays his broidered vest of brilliant hue,
Adorned with flowers most lovely to our view.
At his approach, the pestilence retires,
And burning fevers quench their cruel fires ;
The trembling heart throws off its load of care,
And freely breathes the pure and bracing air ;
For winter's breath has clear'd the stagnant lakes,
And drives miasma from the fields and brakes.

Yes, winter's here—and Limerick, once more,
I tread thy halls as in the days of yore ;
Those happy days ! when merry, free from care,
I sung as blithely as a bird in air ;
Or danced along, unmindful of the hours,
Deeming the path of life all strewn with flowers :
Oh, carping care ! O sorrow ! little then
Dreamt I you waited on the steps of men.

In youthful days, what trifles can delight !
The trap for birds—the merry romp at night,
Beneath the moon's pure, placid, silvery ray,
That made the night more beautiful than day ;
The lovely moon, the brightest lamp of even,

We fondly thought to light our sport, was given,
And guide us to the spot, where snugly lay,
Our youthful comrades, hid from sight away.—
But one will say, “some nights there is no moon;”
I’ll show you where we passed those evenings, soon—
In some old negro’s cot, where blazing nigh,
The ample pine log sent its flame on high.
There would we sit around the chimney wide,
List’ning the tales of ghosts—of one who died
In the old war,—and still is heard, or seen
At dead of night, upon the road between
This gate and Kensington,—a neighb’ring place—
So far this nightly visiter we trace—
But where he hides himself, at break of morn,
Whether in dismal swamps, or lake forlorn,
The legend tells not.—Like young Hamlet’s sire,
Perhaps he hies him to the lake of fire!
Sometimes this horrid phantom comes, they say,
As gallant steed, caparisoned and gay;
Anon it changes to a savage dog,
That fiercely one attacks; then, as a hog,
Goes grunting on its way—but oh, most dread!
It last appears—a man without a head!

But lighter tales sometimes we would require,
As close we crept around the cheerful fire:

Of what "old master" used to do and say ;
Or how "mass Jack a courting went one day ;"
And many a pleasant tale of lady fair,
With rich brocade, and gems, and raven hair ;—
How lovers flocked around her hands to gain,
Because, forsooth, her father's rich domain,
Spread fair and wide, o'er many an acre good,
Enriched with smiling field and shady wood !

'Tis morn—and to the barn yard now we fly,
Where the strong lab'rer throws his flail on high,
His weighty flail, which, wheeling in the air,
He brings with mighty force upon the layer
Of golden sheaves, which lie upon the floor,
And thrashing thus with vigour, o'er and o'er,
The rice straw soon is parted from the grain,
And nicely stack'd upon the level plain :
Meanwhile, to cheer the labours of the day,
The sturdy negroes chaunt a merry lay ;
Responsive soon the women add their voice,
And the blithe scene calls on us to rejoice.

Now on the top of straw stack mounted high,
This cheerful scene spread out beneath our eye,
We join our voices to the merry song,
That greets our ear from yonder sable throng ;

Or, in the fragrant straw, enveloped all,
We snugly lie, and "whoop the smother'd call"
To our companions—who, in seeking tread
Upon us, covered in our pleasant bed.
As wears the day, we other frolicks plan,—
"To-night we'll have a supper, if we can ;
First let us see if our good trap, so new,
Has caught a bird—we hid it safe from view,
Close in the corner of the orchard fence,
We'll off and see—it is not far from hence.
And now, with this new project in our brain,
We're bounding o'er the fields, a merry train :
Arrived, we find the trap is down—"has't caught?"
'Tis gently lifted—but alas ! there's naught
But a few feathers, scatter'd near to tell
The prize was there, but now has flown—ah ! well,
'Tis ever thus in childhood as in years,
Our brightest visions always end in tears.

II.

But, turn we now from childhood's joys and cares,
To the bright dreams of youth's extatic years ;
What time the bud of life begins to ope,
And fresh around us spring the flowers of hope.
Those lovely flowers !—the fairest, brightest given

To bless us here, and lead our thoughts to heaven ;
They never die. Should one bright bud decay,
Another quickly springs up in our way ;
Renewing ever thus their fragrant bloom,
Until at last they deck the dreary tomb ;
Making that place of darkness and decay,
Seem the bright portal of eternal day !

See, young Apollo of the silver bow,
Springs to the chariot of the sun !—And lo !
Light once again to bless the earth, is led
By young Aurora, from her rosy bed !
Is it to hail the sun-god, that this morn
Is rendered jocund by the mellow horn ?
Or, do those clam'rous beagles wait to grace
The sister goddess when she leads the chase ?
But no—pure Dian ne'er was known to rest
In unpoetic regions of the west ;
Or, lead her bright nymphs forth to hunt the deer,
In our primeval forests, wild and drear !

But, who is that so jocund and so glad,
Yon merry, laughing, happy, dark-faced lad ?
He leads the hunt. It is his place to rush
On fleet steed through the swamp, and “beat the bush,”
Whooping the while to rouse the quiet deer

From his retreat, within the woody lair ;
The gallant creature frightened, rushes out,
Follow'd by boy and dogs—a mingled rout—
The woods rejoice—and every deep mouth'd hound,
Wakens wild echo from her haunts around,
Who adds the cadence of her dying note,
To the sweet sounds that on the glad wind float.
This sylvan concert, to the hunter dear,
Falls like rich music on his list'ning ear ;
For, placed around, each at his proper stand,
All ready armed with trusty gun in hand,
Convinced is each, that, pass the hunt his way,
The gallant stag lives not another day !

But, our young hunters, why so late this morn ?
Why, yet unsounded is the parting horn ?
And the bright band of gallants, blithe and gay,
Why haste they not to scour the field away ?
They wait, they loiter o'er each cup of tea,
In hopes, before they start, the girls to see ;
To win a smile—to have the old shoe tost—
Without this charm, the field, the day were lost !

The hunters off, the maidens find the day
By far too long, and tedious on the way ;
But now at last the old clock strikes—'tis two !

They fly up stairs to dress themselves anew ;
And soon the dressing-room presents a scene
Of such confusion, that a smile, I ween,
Would play upon the lips of any one
Who could press in, and see the mirth and fun.
Ribbons and capes are scatter'd here and there,
And splendid dresses hung on every chair ;
And each is seeking 'mid her jewels fine,
Some brilliant gem to make her quite divine !

The labours of the toilet o'er, the fair,
Down to the well-trimmed parlour, straight repair ;
And to divert the tedious, weary hours,
Some fancy-work, embroidery of flowers,
Or other trifle in their hands they take ;
Or the sweet gladsome tones of song awake,
To the harmonious harp, piano grand,
Or light guitar, touched by a fairy hand.

Others, in idle converse, criticise
The ancient paintings, and the quaint disguise
Of those old portraits hung against the wall ;
Or for an antique legend loudly call.
One asks the story of that lady grave,
Who from the midst of buckram, seems to crave
Your pity for her sorrows, deep and strong.

Look in her face—has she not suffered wrong ?

“ First, as an old man’s darling she was blest ;

“ Next, as a buxom widow, was addrest

“ By a young spark—whom marrying, she found

“ That bridal chaplet may with thorns abound !

“ This pensive youth, so quiet and so prim,

“ With closed book in hand—woulds’t hear of him ?

“ He, as a bachelor, renowned afar !

“ In chimney corner smok’d his huge segar,

“ What time his merry guests, with spirits gay,

“ Laugh’d out the night, and hailed the opening day !

“ Old hospitality was known to dwell

“ With him, an inmate of these halls ; and well

“ Can we of modern times attest, that now

“ He still abides, with honour on his brow.”

Hark ! hark ! the huntsman’s horn—they come, are near ;

The mistress orders—“ bid the cook prepare

“ To serve-up dinner in the shortest space ;

“ And good old Joseph, quick, the side-board grace

“ With the refreshments, and with generous wine,

“ For, weary from the hunt, before they dine

“ They must some relish take, or, I shall rue,

“ Dear girls, their want of appetite, and you

"The lack of gayety and mirth—those sprites
"That add so much to social, home delights."

'Tis over—past in merriment and mirth,
And once again assembled round the hearth
In the small parlour, talking o'er the scene,
Now may the matrons and the girls be seen ;
While still the gentlemen remain around
The social board, where wit and song abound.
Now, to the listening ear, sung by "the beau,"
Are borne the jovial notes of "Tally ho ;"
Or some more youthful, sentimental swain,
Chaunts forth in dulcet tones a pensive strain.
At last they honour, with their presence bright,
The lady's room ; and cards and song unite
To make the moments flit too fast away,
That close the evening of this happy day.

'Tis christmas—and the sable train rejoice :
Now in their humble cottages the voice
Of song and mirth is heard ; and three full days,
They may amuse themselves their several ways.
Some take the time to visit friends afar,
While some to Charleston now attracted are ;
For having heard from others its renown,

They would themselves behold this mighty town !
The greater number stay at home and dance,
And gayly, too, as any sons of France,
From morn to night, from night to break of day,
Still do they dance the happy hours away.
A fiddle shrill, two sticks, or uncouth drum,
Their band compose ; and the delightful hum
Seems to possess for them some potent spell,
So merrily they jig it, and so well.
The young folk from the house press 'round to see,
A scene so full of life and jollity ;
Nor do the master and the mistress scorn
To show themselves. And oh ! the clamorous, born
Of love and reverence, that greet them there,
Should make them less such monsters fierce appear,
To those ungenerous and unsparing foes,
Whose hearts are frozen 'neath their Northern snows.

Nor does the slave alone this season hail :
What though the christmas lamp burns dim and pale
On our domestic altars, yet the day
Can never pass unheeded quite, away.
The christian still will bless the God of heaven,
That on this day good-will to man was given,
And peace descended from her native sky,
To dwell on earth, with love and harmony !

The planters' mansions now with friends abound,
Nor are they careless of the poor around,
But freely from the plenteous harvest spare,
To aid their wants, and mitigate their care.

The children, too, half-crazy with delight,
Leave their warm beds before the morning light,
And with their guns and crackers, shouts and screams,
And "merry christmases," disturb our dreams.
Nor unforgetful have they been to look
Within the stocking, if perchance a book,
Or toy, or sugar-thing, or other gift,
Had by St. Nicholas, when passing swift
Through all the land, on that auspicious night,
Been left, to fill their bosoms with delight.
Sad, if the quaint old man had passed them o'er,
Without some trifle from his well-packed store !

"Call in the rustic fiddler—clear the hall
"Of chairs and carpets, for a mimic ball ;
"For merry christmas must not pass us by,
"Unless o'er polish'd floor our light foot fly."
And now the youths and maidens form the ring,
And all as happy as sweet birds of Spring,
Dance to enlivening and domestic airs,
Composed by cheerful rustic. Void of cares,

As o'er his labors bending, light and gay,
He sings to wile the passing hours away.
Crowding each door and window, now a throng
Of negroes press, and join their voice in song ;
Their cheerful notes, unchecked, increase the rout,
And help the tune by fiddle old, squeaked out ;
Cotillions, country-dances, gallops, flings
In quick succession each is tried—and brings
At last in turn, the graceful waltz—that dance,
Conceived in Germany—brought up in France !

Dramatic sisters of the tuneful nine,
Melpomene the tragic, the divine,
And gay Thalia, laughing maid of mirth,
To-night we dedicate to you the hearth,
And pray your ready aid, while thus we trim
The sickly flame that now your altars dim.

Between two corresponding doors, the screen,
Removed from its accustomed place, is seen,
And forming thus the scenery and stage,
The drama opens—and a merry page
Would it supply to life of any wight,
Who had been present on an acting night !

And first Aranza's haughty bride we see,
Who thinks that lordly man should bow the knee

To woman,—and attend her sov'reign word ;
And in her pride disdains to own him lord !—
The widowed Constance next our pity claims,
Calling her son by all endearing names,
And now refusing to be cheered, for he,
Her “pretty one,” is in captivity.—

Then Juliet, gentle queen of love, appears,
And with her tender accents, moves to tears :
Or, noble Romeo, Constancy's true knight,
Swears to his lady by the moon's pale light ;
Nor, as that restless orb, to change was given,
But steady proved, though all his hopes were riven ;
And followed, even to the dark, cold grave,
The gentle one his fond love could not save !

Now wav'ring Macbeth's awful lady calls
On all the ministers of wrath—and palls
Her spirit with the blackest robe of night ;
That no “compunctions visitings” should blight
Her settled purpose—or remorse be found
T' impede her progress to the “golden round.”
Yet still her woman's nature 'woke—her heart
In pity pleads the sleeping Duncan's part,
He looked so like her Father as he lay,
She could not take his gentle life away !

The horrid deed accomplish'd, they are seen,
On Scotia's throne, as crowned King and Queen ;
Behold them at the royal banquet now,
Oh, great King Macbeth ! why that anxious brow ?
Why those perturbèd glances, noble host ?—
Lo ! where it rises—Banquo's bloody ghost !
The goodly company in terror cry ;
And unrefresh'd from the sad banquet fly.

Now glides along that sometime haughty Queen,
And closes, for the night, the tragic scene ;
Her taper placing on a table near,
She would the blood-marks from her fingers clear ;
But water fails to cleanse the guilty stain,
And conscience struck, her efforts seem in vain ;
Not all Arabia's rich and spicy land
Yields a perfume, can scent that little hand !

Next Comedy with merry mask we see :
Priscilla Tomboy romps with childish glee ;
Commands the "grocer's prentice" home to trot,
For marry him she vows that she will not.—
Or, Belmore, from his musty books to rouse,
And 'wake to jealousy, his merry spouse,
Is flirting with that young and foppish beau ;
So well disguis'd, who could fair Harriet know !

Or deem that simple woman e'er could plan,
So bright a scheme to cheat the eye of man !

Sometimes we laugh o'er little Pickle's freaks ;
Or, Sukey Squall annoys us with her shrieks ;
Or, the young Actress of all work appears,
And smiles upon our plaudits and our cheers.

But list those operatic strains so grand ;
And see them swift advancing, hand in hand,
That graceful pair ! And "un petit ballet,"
Is danced this eve, instead of farce or play.
The merry girls, composing as they go,
Now swiftly fly, on "light fantastic toe ;"
Or should the measure pensively incline,
They quickly then, slow pantomime combine
With the gay dance : And e'en the ballet's Queen
Elssler of fleetest foot—could she have seen
Our dancing girls, had flung her wreath away,
And ne'er again essayed to dance or play !

But not to pleasure are we always given—
Oh no, one social, country, winter's even,
Around the chimney's bright, capacious hearth,
Is worth an hundred nights of frolic mirth.

Or, better still, and to my heart most dear,
Those evenings when aloud, with accent clear,
One kindly reads some pleasant, witty tale,
In which good sense and honesty prevail ;
Or poem, by some master-spirit wrought,
Full of pathetic scenes, and lofty thought :
Meanwhile the girls their busy needles ply,
And every anxious care is made to fly.

III.

Spring, youthful Spring, with wreath of fairest flowers,
Now comes advancing from her fragrant bowers,
And as her light foot touches the glad earth,
See how the flowerets burst at once to birth !
And the sweet birds awake their happy notes
To hail their love ! Melodious music floats
Upon the air ; the very streams rejoice,
And add their murmurs to the general voice
Of gladness, that now welcomes smiling Spring,
And all the pleasures that around her cling.

'Tis now the maidens pleasant task each morn,
To cull the fairest flow'rets, and adorn,
The parlour neat. The breakfast quickly o'er,
They seek the smiling garden, and explore

The well filled beds, where roses of each hue,
From purest white to crimson, meet the view ;
Where stately lilies lift their heads of pride,
And seem to scorn the blossoms at their side ;
Where hyacinths and jonquils sweetly grow,
And purple violets, and drops of snow :
The pleasant arbour on whose top entwine,
The yellow jasmine and the bright woodbine ;
A brilliant canopy ! beneath its screen
'Tis sweet on sunny day to lie unseen,
And list the drowsy hum of honey bee,
Or, Mock-bird's voice from yonder Myrtle tree.

The mornings now to books and work are given ;
But charming walks are had at quiet even,
What time the sun begins to seek his rest,
Turning his coursers to the gorgeous west,
There soon on crimson cushions to recline,
While the young moon, with countenance divine,
Smiles on him—and the mailed and starry host
Around his palace keep their silent post.

Through pleasant fields, on river-banks we stray,
Where beauteous Cooper winds his placid way,
Now classic grown, since Irving's spreading fame,
Has given it, for aye, a place and name !

Sometimes we join the youths as they recline
On flowery bank, and throw the baited line ;
Or, watch the cork with graceful movement float,—
Or, o'er the mill-pond skim in bonny boat,
And as around our prow its waters play,
Wake up the echoes with an Alpine lay.

Should pensive thoughts arise at close of day,
Then to the solemn grave-yard bend your way,
Where to his native dust return'd, the slave
Rests from his labours, in the quiet grave ;
There to remain 'till the dread trumpet's sound,
Summons his body from the yielding ground.
A lovely spot ! The willow's weeping head,
Bends gracefully above the peaceful dead ;
Or, as the mournful night-winds pass them by,
Sends o'er the graves a solemn, plaintive sigh.
'Tis night—an awful silence reigns around ;
But, hark ! there's music on the air—the ground
Seems to reverberate with distant tread ;
Lo, they approach and bear the sacred dead !
The flaming torches cast a solemn light,
As slow they move, upon the face of night ;
With chaunt and prayer the mournful scene they close,
And leave the body to its long repose.

On Sabbath eve, O, it is pleasant then,
To wander far from busy haunts of men ;
Beneath the sighing forest-trees to lie,
And watch the brilliant glories of the sky,
Reflections of the dazzling orb of light ;
The solemn stillness of the coming night,
Invites to thought ; the beauteous scene above,
Speaks of that better land of peace and love.

Returning, one perchance may careless roam
To where the negroes have their village home ;
Its cleanly rows, of cottages so neat ;
The hearty welcomes that your presence greet ;
The quiet calmness that pervades the spot,
Show that the sons of Canaan dark, are not
The poor depressed mortals they are thought,
Tho' they say " master," and are sold and bought !
They but fulfil their destiny. But now,
Wo to the owner who will not allow
His slave to hear the blessed word of heaven ;
Or to instruct him has no teacher given,
To point the way, lest he the road should miss,
That leads the sinner to the realms of bliss.
Thy honour'd head, old Limerick, shall ne'er
This wo receive, for many a rolling year

Has fled, since first the Gospel's hallowed sound
Has here been heard, by list'ning crowds around.
Oh, it is good these meetings to attend,
And mark the deep attention that they lend
The preached word. With what devotion bow,
As on their knees, they breathe the solemn vow :
And as the music of the hymns arise,
Their earnest voices seem to mount the skies !

“ Saddle our horses—bring them to the door,
“ This eve we will the pleasant woods explore :”
Through shady roads, where lofty pines do sigh,
And the sweet jasmines hang their gold-cups high ;
Where dogwood pure, and graceful fringe-trees bloom,
And fragrant honeysuckles lend perfume,
Our course we take : Or, river-road pursue,
To where the Cooper bursts upon our view,
With the bright landscape stretching far away,
Through which its clear, translucent waters stray.
St. Thomas' chapel 'mid its towering trees,
Whose waving branches whisper to the breeze,
And Richmond, seated on its hill of pride,
Enrich the charming picture spreading wide.

The gentle moon, sweet mistress of the night,
Flings o'er our homeward way her pensive light ;

While fire-flies bright, their fairy lamps illumine,
And chase each other though th' umbrageous gloom ;
Meanwhile, the whip-poor-will, from wild-wood bower,
Sends her plaint note to charm the silent hour.

"The carriage waits, and maidens quickly say,
"Who will with me a social visit pay ?
"The eve invites." Some, with delight prepare ;
The rest, too lazy, with one voice declare,—
"The country has of late unsocial grown,
"We would as lief be visiting in town.
"Well, stay at home ; but do not others blame,
"And call unsocial, when you are the same ;
"And such rare fuss, and good excuse is made,
"When a short visit's only to be paid !"

To Richmond hill, or Farm-field, we repair,
Or Bossis, sylvan spot, where balmy air
Revels on sunny day 'mid fragrant flowers,
Or gently whispers 'round its woody bowers.
Perhaps, on Hyde-Park's breezy hill, we stand ;
Or Kensington, whose ancient oaks demand
The admiration that we show before
The pleasant mansion opes its friendly door ;
Where, by its beauteous mistress prest to stay
And spend the evening, after short delay,

We give consent. "How teased the girls will be,
"Waiting at home, for our return to tea!"

"A pic-nic! when? O, quickly let us hear!"

"On Thursday next, at four o'clock?" "O dear,

"How very long the hours will seem, and slow;

"What shall we find to make them swiftly go!"

Thus their delight the joyous girls express,

But to the youths it causes sore distress:

One wishes it may prove a rainy day;

Another vows he means to keep away;

A third is sure he will be sick that eve;

A fourth against the one who did conceive

The stupid frolic, turns his wrathful ire;

Nor stops the strife of tongues, 'till they retire!

Sweet scene! where grace and rural charms delight;

Long may thy music glad the stilly night;

Thy rustic halls be decked with boughs of green,

And merry youths, and laughing girls be seen,

To form the joyous ring, and dance away,

With light, elastic tread, and spirits gay:

Where country neighbors meet from miles around,

And friendly chat, and pleasant smiles abound.

Scene of hilarity and social cheer!

Long may you flourish on, from year to year;

But, should you once admit of airs from town,
Oh, then in darkness shall your sun go down ;
When solemn midnight brings the city belle,
Old rural sports—ye sweet pie-nics,—farewell !

Old Limerick, to my heart forever dear,
Where are thy merry crowds dispers'd. Ah ! where ?
Some in the peaceful grave are sleeping low ;
Too many wear the sable garb of wo ;
Some mourn o'er shattered health, or broken vow ;
Some 'mid the heartless world are striving now ;
Yet some rejoice. Not many moons have fled,
Since, to these walls, thy youthful master led,
Dear sacred home, his fair and blushing bride.
Behold them now, as seated side by side,
In sweet contentment, they dispense around
The hospitality that erst was found
Within thy walls. O, see them bending there,
Over that fragile bud of hope, so fair !
The father's manly brow is decked with joy,
The mother smiles upon her darling boy
With brightly beaming eye ; or sings the while,
His little woes and sorrows to beguile.

Oh, happy, loved, but inexperienced pair !
Would you for aye the crown of honour wear ?

Then, William, in thy father's footsteps tread,
Revere the precepts of the honoured dead.
And gentle lady, let thine eye-lids trace
Thy mother's virtue, dignity and grace;
She who so many years did here preside—
Where could I point you to a safer guide?
Let their example shine again in you,
Like them be pious, generous, noble, true;
Then shall the joys of Limerick never cease,
But each revolving season close in peace.

NUPTIAL GIFTS.

SPIRITS! that in Eden's bower
Blessed the primal bridal hour;
And the sinless, happy pair
Blissfully sojourning there,
Ere the tempter's venom'd breath
Shed contagion, ruin, death!
Ere the flowerets drooped and died,
Erst that garden's blooming pride;—
Ere was mute the voice of love,
Breathing music through the grove!
Or, on man's affrighted ear,

Broke the curse—depart—despair !
When all heavenly blessings blent,
In those bowers of sweet content,
Making earth, and sky, and stream,
Sparkle with a golden gleam,
Borrowed from the light that shone
Round the great Creator's throne :
Draw ye viewless spirits near—
Laden with your gifts, appear—
Let them be as rich a store
As to paradise ye bore ;
For the pair ye bless to-day
Are as innocent as gay.—
Hark ! there's music's joyful swell,
They obey my potent spell !

Spirits Enter.

Spirit of the light and day,
What bring'st thou to bless them, say ?

FIRST SPIRIT.

The perfumed breath of the early flowers,
Newly baptized with April showers ;
The dewy tear from a violet's eye,

Bright with the light of she sunny sky;
 Secrets that lie in the moss-buds breast;
 The sheen of the lily's silvery vest;
 A draught of nectar from the cell
 Of the fragrant jasmin's golden bell;
 The joys that in a dove's nest lie,
 His loving heart—and his faithful sigh:
 All that is fair—and all that is sweet,
 I lay at the youthful couple's feet!

Spirit of the starry night,
 What bring'st thou to bless our rite?

SECOND SPIRIT.

See, the holy fire that glows
 In the vesper star;
 The pure ray that Dian throws
 From her brow afar:
 As bright—as fair—
 May the wedded pair
 Shine in their own happy sphere,
 Shedding blessings far and near!

Spirit from the world of light,
 Heavenly Spirit! pure and bright,

What of rich and holy things,
Bear'st thou on thy silken wings?

THIRD SPIRIT.

A drop of love from the fountain bright,
Sparkling near the throne of light;—
A gift of hope, with its rainbow hues;—
A gift of faith, wet with crystal dew;—
The gifts of peace, of joy,—of prayer;
The gift of a hushed and holy fear!

To our beloved Mother,

MRS. E. C. B.

ON HER FIFTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

“Her children arise up, and call her blessed.”—*Prov. 31 Chap., 28 v.*

'Tis sweet in early spring to view,
The flow'rets budding fair,
The early promise these, and true,
Of the rich opening year :
And sweet to watch the morning ray,
Upon the eastern clouds at play,
Forerunner of the orb of day,
Up-rising bright and clear.

All these are sweet—but summer yields
More joys than smiling spring ?
And better are the ripened fields,
The harvest reapers sing ?—
And when the sun's meridian high,
Doth not his genial warmth supply

More blessings to the earth and sky,
Than to his risings cling ?

And thus thy life hath ever been,
Our own—our mother dear !
Thy summer freshness, cool and green,
The drooping heart could cheer :
And if aught good in us be found,
Was't not thy sunny rays around,
That from the cold and barren ground
Brought forth the ripened ear ?

But now autumnal hues begin
To sere thy summer prime,
And silently and sad within,
We mourn the flight of time ;
Yet thou art calm—for fifty years
The spirit's seed was nursed with tears,
And now the precious fruit appears,
Rich as from Eden's clime !

The spirit's clustered fruits—above
The grapes of Eschol rare,
Where peace, and joy, and faith, and love,
With gentleness appear ;
Long-suffering, goodness, meekness too,

And sober temperance, here we view;
All, closely clinging, meet in you
As fruit on vine-branch fair!

Guard well the valued trust, until
The vintage shout be given,
And its resounding echoes fill
With joy, both earth and heaven!
Still in the holy vine abide—
His shelt'ring foliage thee shall hide,
Nor may thy branches from his side
By cruel hands be riven.

God speed thee on, as he hath sped,
And grant thee many a year,
That we may learn from thee to tread
The paths of faith and prayer :
And when thy race on earth is run,
The battle o'er—the victory won,
Receive thee, through th' eternal son,
To mansions ever fair!

LINES,

ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT.

I'VE seen a mother bending
O'er her loved, her only child,
And as she kissed its tender cheek,
Wept as the infant smiled ;
Young mother, why this silent wo ?
Why do those burning tear-drops flow ?

Flow they in bitter anguish,
Because thy lovely boy,
The solace of thy widowed heart,
Thy comfort, and thy joy,
Can never know a father's love—
A father's guidance never prove ?

Alas ! we know thy sorrow,
We know the cruel grief
That preys upon thy gentle breast,
And yields thee no relief ;
But weeping mother dry those tears,
Thy heavenly father hears thy prayers !

He whose right hand hath stricken,
And taken from thy side
The youth, who in his manhood's prime
Did win thee for his bride ;
Can yet supply thy bitter loss,
And sanctify, to thee, thy cross.

Oh yes, this lovely stranger,
O'er whom thou'rt weeping there,
Comes a messenger in danger,
From him who heareth prayer,
To whisper of that blessed shore,
Where "kindred spirits part no more."

Then gladly do we welcome,
This child of many prayers,
And hail him as a comforter
Amid thy woes and cares ;
And bid the mother wake to joy,
While gazing on her darling boy !

FOR MY BIRTH-DAY.

PAST, past—the cares of youth are past,

Its trials o'er :

Past are the hidden rocks that line

Life's starting shore !

And now from rocks, and sands, and breakers free,

My little bark is seen to put her forth to sea!

In safety now I gaze, upon

The sands that lie

Glistening, beneath the world's bright sun's

Hot, scorching eye;—

The sparkling sands that glow on pleasure's beach,

Unmindful of the waves that soon that spot shall reach !

Oh! deem not that the open sea

Is always still;

Or, that for aye a gentle breeze

Life's sails shall fill ;

Alas ! too soon the stormy waves shall rise,

And dark and murky clouds veil the bright, sunny skies.

Yet dread not e'en the thunder's roar,

Or, lightning's flash ;

Nor fear against some ocean reef
Thy bark may dash ;
Fixed be thy gaze upon yon star of light,
Set in th' heavens clear blue to cheer thee through the night.

Thou art not drifting all alone,
On ocean vast ;
A pilot, steady, active, brave,
And sage, thou hast ;
One who well knows what dangers will betide—
Trust but his eye and hand, and safe thy bark shall ride.

A chart is also given—a chart
So truly drawn,
Consult thou but its heaven trac'd lines
At eve and dawn,
And it will teach thee how to steer thy way
Safe from the wrecks on which old ocean loves to prey !

With aid like this at hand—my bark
Thou canst not fail,
Into the haven of the blest,
At last, to sail !
And there on peaceful waves, securely lie,
Under the bannered cross, in triumph floating high !

LITTLE CHARLES.

HE lay within my arms, that infant boy,
My sister's child—his blue eyes closed in sleep,
And his wee, taper fingers folded close,
As if in prayer ! He seemed the very type
Of innocence—so sweet and pure he looked.
Perhaps he dreamt of paradise, or held
Mysterious converse with the angel, sent
To be his guide through life ! For, as I gazed
Upon his lovely face, a rosy smile
Came dimpling o'er his beauty. Holy One !
Thou, who on earth took children in thine arms,
And blessed them, hear me now, from thy high throne
In heaven. Take this child, our little one,
Into thy holy keeping ; save through life,
And after death receive him as thine own.

TO A MOTHER,

ON THE FIRST COMMUNION OF HER ELDEST SON.

MOTHER ! my heart beats for thee—and I joy
That thou hast seen thy first, thine eldest boy,

Kneel at his Master's table, and receive
The sacred food that makes the sinner live ;
That he has knelt in faith and penance there,

Brought by his Saviour's love, and thy deep, earnest prayer !

Oh, happier was that hour to thee, I know,
Than when thy woman's heart did first o'erflow
With the warm gushing of maternal bliss,
And on his brow you pressed the primal kiss.
Happier, than on the morn he met thy view,

Fresh from the fontal bath—bright with baptismal dew.

Happier, than when his youthful lips did frame
To lisp "my mother;" or, his father name,
In notes far sweeter than the voice of bird,
From the surrounding green-wood clearly heard.
Happier, than when you clasped his hands to pray,

And pointed to the skies where Jesus led the way !

Happier, than when you saw him, kneeling, bow
Before the man of God—the holy vow
Baptismal, on his youthful head to take,
And wear the heavy yoke for Jesus' sake.

The heavy yoke, made easy, light, and sweet,

By thy all-powerful aid, life-giving Paraclete !

Mother ! my heart joys for thee—for I know
Upon that day faded each earthly woe,
And melted into nothing—every loss
Seemed to a blessing turned—as by the cross
You knelt, and poured the humble, heartfelt prayer ;
The prayer of love and faith, to Jesus dying there !

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

I'VE been with thee in the merry dance,
When far and near, each brilliant glance
Flashed with its own bright charm, from eyes
All unacquaint with tears ; for sighs
Had never yet been known to swell
The hearts, where gentle feelings dwell.

I've been with thee by the social hearth,
In the hours devote to cheerful mirth ;
When the spirit quits its load of care,
And the merry laugh is ringing near ;
When the shafts of wit innoxious fall,
And tales are told in the old oak hall.

'Mid the shady wood I've roved with thee,
When the bosom leaps from thralldom free,
And feels in the tangled, pathless wild,
The love and joy of a trusting child.
'Neath the blue sky and the air of heaven,
All hurtful things from the soul are driven !

I've stood by thy open grave, and there
I have shed for thee, the silent tear ;
A tear, to thy youthful hopes all o'er ;
A tear, that thy friendly voice no more
Shall greet mine ear. A tear—but no,
Not for the dead should the tear-drops flow !

Gentle thy spirit while lingering here,
Gently it passed, in a whispered prayer,
Borne to its heavenly rest : a smile
Played o'er thy death-cold lips the while.
Oh, may my soul when it leaves the clay,
As calmly mount to the realms of day !

A SKETCH.

Kate.—Yes! I could sit for hours,
Near thy side, and hear thee sing, sweet Julia ;
For thy rich tones spring from the hidden depths
Of thy fond heart, and float upon the air,
As light and buoyant as the silken wings
Of viewless spirits, that around us fly
At starry eve, filling the wide expanse
With harmony and joy.

Thy plaintive notes,
When deepest feelings in the heart are stirred,
Gushed forth all steeped in tears.

In lighter mood,
Thy voice is as the warble of a bird,
Sporting amid the branches that o'erhang
The silver lake, upon whose grassy banks
We love to lie and listen to his song.

Come, once more
Strike th' harmonious chords, and let thy voice
Join in the melody ; whilst I, reclining
Upon this "couch of Ind," shall dream myself
In Paradise !

Julia.—Shall it be gay or mournful ?

Kate.—Mournful. O, mournful as the notes that swell
From the Æolian harp, when summer winds
Kiss its sweet chords, and whisper tales of love.

JULIA'S SONG.

The lute is hushed—the song is o'er,
In yon majestic hall ;
The voice of joy shall wake no more,—
“ A dark spell hangs o'er all.”

Alas ! the dance, the revel there,
As in the days of yore,
Collect the gay, the young, the fair,
The beautiful, no more.

And, by the marble fountain's side,
No more, at moonlight hour,
Is seen that young and gentle bride,
Fair as some evening flower :

Lamenting for her gallant knight,
Who, at his country's call,
Bore his proud banner 'mid the fight,
Far from his native hall.

For many years the lady wept,
And by that fountain's side,
Her sad and nightly vigil kept,—
That lone and widowed bride !

And now she takes her quiet rest,
Beneath the funeral pall :
In hall and bower, once so blest,
“ A dark spell hangs o'er all.”

Kate.—Oh ! thank thee dearest,—but too sad's thy song :
And did the lady die, pining away
With grief for her young lord ? Was the knight true,
Or was he false of heart ? Died he in war,
Or did he safe return ?

Julia.—The Poet telleth not,
But leaves his fate to us.—I'll think his heart
Was true ; and crowned with honours won amid
The hottest fight, he to his hall returned
Only to find it desolate and lorn,
And his young, gentle love beneath the tomb.

Kate.—Nay, trust me he was false ; some dark-eyed girl,
Bright as a Peri, won his fickle heart

From that pale, pensive flower—but heed it not;—
We'll have a sportive lay to dry our tears,
And chase thy tale of sorrow from our hearts.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

SHE loved him when a boy,
While yet a joyous child,
All through the live-long day
He roved the forest wild;
Or chased the rabbit for his tiny deer,
Making the woods resound to his bold voice and clear.

And when a few more suns
Had tinged his cheek with brown,
When proudly with his gun
He brought the wild bird down,
How gladly then at night she viewed the spoil,
Displayed in triumph glad, from his long day of toil!

A few more fleeting years,
And then to youth he sprung;
How fondly to him now
Her young heart closely clung;

How proud to hear of his achievements high,
How full of bashful fear when her brave hero's nigh.

A treasure safely hid
Within a casket fair,—
Sweet buds of rarest growth
That scent the desert air,—
Not more securely lie from sight away,
Than she would hide her love, from the bright eye of day.

His manhood was a boast,—
So bright his prime of day,
The glorious sun of noon
Shone not with purer ray,
Than that which darted from his eye of light,
When the warm heart within was stirred with glad delight.

How cruel now the pain
Her woman's heart must bear ;
How hard to quench the flame
Of wild-fires burning there ;
But soon she bowed her to the conflict warm,
Like flower that graceful bends beneath the driving storm !

Long years have worn away,—
His prime of life is o'er,—

And past,—the bitter pangs
Her gentle spirit bore ;
Yet still she loves him with affection pure,
And would for him, I ween, the greatest pangs endure.

His locks of richest brown
Begin to fall away,
E'en those that yet remain
Are frosted o'er with gray ;
But not, though all his locks have silvery grown,
Will she expel her love, from her pure bosom's throne.

And should he first be call'd
To pass the gate of death,
Though she *may* not be near
To catch his parting breath ;
Ah, who shall weep him with such bitter tears !
Who suffer as will she through life's remaining years !

SONG.

I SAW thee by the moon's soft light,
So beautiful and pale,
Like snow-drops of the early spring ;
Or, lily of the vale ;

All beautiful and fair wer't thou
As clustered rose-buds white,
When in a garland they are wreathed
For some gay bridal night.

And then thy low sweet voice arose,
Half timid in its mirth,
Like song-bird when it first essays
To soar away from earth—
To soar away from earth, and sing
High up in ether blue,
The song that from its little heart
Is gushing fresh and true.

What lends thine eye a deeper blue ?
What paints thy face so fair ?
What makes thy lowest tones to float
Like music on the air ?
Like music on the summer air,
When on the wind-harp's strings,
The spirits of the starry night,
Strike their harmonious wings.

Go ask what paints the blushing rose,
Go ask what gilds the ray
Of every sparkling star of eve,
Or, lights the God of day ;

Ask all that's beautiful below,
All that is bright above,
What gives to each its loveliness,
The rich response is—Love!

SPRING.

I AM far away from the haunts of men,
Where the wild flowers grow,—in a woody glen,
Where jessamines twine
Each tree and vine,
And hang their golden cups in view,
To catch the drops of the silver dew.

Yes, 'tis the season of early spring,
The song-birds now are on the wing ;
The mock-bird's voice
Bids the heart rejoice,
Its gladsome thrill
Doth the forest fill ;
Or dies away on the list'ning ear,
Like spirit notes, from a brighter sphere !

Oh, here could I sit the long bright day,
And list to the merry wind at play,

In the old oaks nigh,
Which plaintively sigh,
As mourners sad their funeral hymn,
Their moss-scarfs streaming from each limb.

But now the day is past, and see,
The silver moonlight tips each tree,
And hark ! I hear
Through the forest drear,
The echoes float
Of thy sad note,
Lone Whip-poor-will,—young spring's sad guest,—
Bird of the silent eve—I love thy wild tones best.

TO ANNE.

I've heard thy voice at even-tide,
When 'round the social hearth,
Loved ones united, consecrate
The night to song and mirth.

And in the gayly festive hall,
Where the light-hearted meet,
I've heard again thy silvery tones,
So musical and sweet !

Again, on moonlit summer eye,
I've heard it float along,
And play upon the buoyant air,
Like some fair spirit's song.

And in the forest's mighty shade,
I've heard it oft resound,
Waking the echoes from repose,
To emulate the sound.

But, never did its music fall
Upon my listening ear,
So full of tenderness and love,
As in the house of prayer.

'Twas not as clear as 'mid the wood,
Or rich as in the hall;
Or soft, as when on summer night,
We hear its dying fall.

But there was something in its tone,
That found a ready way
Into my heart, and whispering, said—
“Fond dreamer! 'wake and pray.”

For, oh! my thoughts had wandered far,
From holy things and fair;

And, with the dearly loved of earth,
Was holding converse, there.

Yes, to thy gentle voice, dear girl,
A holy power was given,
To call my roving fancy back
From earthly joys, to heaven !

TO MY FRIEND, MRS. E. C. G.

THE sweet Spring, with her balmy breath,
Is whispering to each flower,
And song-birds trill their notes of love,
Within the green-wood bower ;
The bright sun throws a golden gleam
O'er field and meadow, wood and stream,
And nature hails the genial beam,
That re-awakes her power.

Yes, nature smiles around, and holds
Her annual feast of love,
And angel forms appear to glide
Athwart the heavens above ;
Where not a single cloud is seen,
To float upon the blue serene ;

All, all is harmony between
The glowing sky and grove !

Or, should a passing cloud obscure
Yon azure field of air,
By light-winged zephyrs swiftly borne
Across the polished sphere ;
What, if that cloud a glistening dew
Flung o'er the rose-buds as it flew,—
Like them, in sunny youth, we knew
Bright drops, to memory dear !

Sweet season ! when my heart awakes
With nature, from her sleep,
And brings her treasures forth to light,
From her recesses deep ;
What, though she miss some flowerets there.
Buds of affection, sweet and rare,
Or find love's chaplet crushed and sere,—
'Twere foolish now to weep.

Pure friendship's garland still is left,
With clustering buds and flowers,
As fresh as if but newly bathed
By April's fleeting showers ;
And, lo ! amid the lustrous green,

Half-hidden by a leafy screen,
The emblem of thy love is seen—
A gift from Eden's bowers !

There has it flourished many a year,
In bright and radiant bloom,
Casting a lustre o'er my wreath,
Shedding a rich perfume.
Undimmed forever be its ray,
Cheering me on life's weary way,
Lending a gleam to death's dark day,
And lighting-up the tomb.

ECHO.

WRITTEN FOR A VERY LITTLE BOY.

WHAT is echo, mother dear ?
Is it of the earth or air ?
Does it dwell on tree-tops high ?
Or, look down from yonder sky ?
Oh ! it is right full of glee,
Flinging back my words at me !
Should I to the wild-woods hie,

Would I see it with mine eye?
Or, is it a curious bird,
Never to be seen, but heard?
When the moon is up at night,
And the stars are shining bright,
Then how clearly it gives out
An answer to our merry shout.
Tell me, mother, tell me dear?
Is it of the earth or air?

Echo! 'tis a fairy thing,
Flitting by on noiseless wing;
You can never see it, dear,
Though you seek it every where!
Shout within the wild-wood free,
It will answer from a tree;
With the bat it hides away,
In a ruin old and gray,
Crumbling church or castle, dight
With the ivy green and bright.
Should you tread beneath such wall,
It will mock your footsteps fall,
And around you'll peep to see,
If some one doth follow thee!

When 'tis heard on mountains high,

It is many-voiced in cry.
Shout, and hark ! how grand the sound
Travels it around and round.
Now, as loud as thunders dread,
Rolling far above your head ;
Or, an organ's pealing swell,
Filling nature's temple well.
Now, melodious sweeps along,
Like the music of a song ;
Or, from viewless harps around,
Fairies 'woke symphonious sound.
Till, at last it sinks to rest,
On some distant mountain's crest,
Like a merry little child,
Tired of its joyance wild.

Echo ! 'tis a joyous thing !
Happy as the birds of Spring—
Merry, rocking full of glee,
Flinging back in mockery free,
Answers to each question given,
Flitting 'twixt the earth and heaven.
And, could we its visage see,
I am sure 'twould grotesque be ;
Like those strange and uncouth things,
All composed of head and wings,

Such as, in some antique hall,
Gaze upon us from the wall.

Echo—'tis a tricky sprite,
Full of active, gay delight ;
Full of frolic, full of fun,
With its mockery never done ;
Loving best to fly by night,
When the stars are up and bright.

But the parentage you'd know,
Of this fairy imp—Echo ?
From the green earth did it spring,
And its sire on viewless wing,
Monarch of the ambient air,
Saileth 'round all nature fair.
With its noble father now,
Fast it soars o'er mountain's brow ;
Then, upon its mother's knee,
Hides its merry face in glee ;
Sporting with the earth or air,
Echo—echo every where !

THE FAIRY GIFT.

A BALLAD.

YOUNG Albert was as brave a knight,
As ever wielded lance,
Or bore in holy Palestine,
The banner of his France.

But now the battles o'er, he had
Returned in triumph home,
And with his trusty followers,
Graced his ancestral dome.

'Twas on a brilliant summer's day,
He sat him down to rest,
Within a marble portico,
That opened to the west.

But, as he there sat reading, he,
Chancing to cast a look
Towards the fields and meadows rich,
At once put by his book.

And, turning to his trusty page,
Bade him—"away and see
Who form that goodly company,
Now wandering o'er the lea."

The page did thus his answer give—
"One is that trusty knight,
Whom I have heard you call your friend,
And comrade, in the fight.

"And with him are three ladies fair—
The first of noble mien,
The second just to woman grown,
The third a child is seen."

"Now, haste thee, haste my merry page,
Now haste thee o'er the lea,
And quick this goodly company,
Bring hither unto me."

"My master greets thee well, sir knight,
He greets thee by the cross;
And trusts you will not pass him by,
With so severe a loss,

As not to have these ladies fair,
So beautiful and bright,
To grace the revels that are held
Within his halls to-night."

"Fair ladies, I am at your hest,
You must decide, if we
Shall turn into this castle nigh,
Young Albert's guests to be."

Then quickly did the ladies cry—
"Oh, let us thither turn,
For scorching is this summer's day,
Fiercely the sun-beams burn."

Thus soon they turned their weary steeds
Toward the castle gate,
Where to receive his honored guests,
Young Albert did await.

"Oh, welcome, welcome trusty friend,
And welcome ladies all;
And now dismount, and rest you here,
Before we seek the hall."

He led them 'neath the marble porch,
Of that pure Grecian fane,
Where he reposed when first he spied,
Afar, their goodly train.

“ Oh, let me know from whence you come,
And whither you are bound,
And, why in such rare company,
Old comrade, you are found.”

“ These ladies, from a foreign land,
Have come across the sea,
Leaving their friends and homes afar,
To view a strange countrie.

“ And I, in honor of our band,
Have offered them mine aid,
To show them what is worthy note,
And save them when in need.

“ This is the lady Ruthvena,
Of widows gayest, best ;
And this her lovely daughter fair,
The idol of her breast.

“ And this the lady Geraldine,
Of noble house the pride ;
Her father was a loyal knight—
In Palestine he died.”

“ Faith ! Hildebrand, old comrade true,
Methinks you’re highly blest,
Thus to conduct through field and hall,
These daughters of the west !

“ Oh ! would that I could share your trust,
Would to my charge were given,
The guidance of these ladies bright,
I’d wish no other heaven !”

Now quick the lady Geraldine
Turned pale as pale could be,
And cried “ I’ve lost that magic gem
By fairy given me.”

“ She charged that on my breast it should
Be worn, and kept with care—
“ For of the day you lose this gem,
Young Geraldine, beware !”

“It was of rarest workmanship,
A brilliant true-love tie;
And, in the midst, the sapphire’s blue
Met the admiring eye.

“Oh misery! O lack-a-day!
Who will my gift restore”—
But e’er her sentence was complete
Young Albert to her bore

The brilliant gem—for it had dropt,
E’en at his knightly feet;
And, falling on his knee, did thus
The blushing maiden greet:—

“Bright lady take thy jewelled broach,
May it to thee restore,
That peace and happiness that now
Can gild my breast no more;”

“Unless upon thy sworn true knight,
Those bright eyes you would turn—
Then far o’er land and sea thy fame,
And beauty should be borne.

“And my good helmet’s burnish’d disk,
From henceforth shall be drest
With true-love-knot: The sapphire’s blue
Shall glitter on my crest.”

Then gently down the maiden’s cheek
The tear-drops ’gan to flow;
Right puzzled was the knight I ween,
To guess the cause of wo.

But now the lady Ruthvena,
Her haughty brow o’ercast,
Rising, proposed to seek the hall,
For day was waning fast.

Then to Sir Hildebrand she said,
As thitherward they wend—
“This is a sorry sort of youth,
You call your chosen friend.

“Has he no better taste, Sir Knight,
To sense and beauty true,
Than thus, that sickly Geraldine,
In suppliance to woo?”

Sir Hildebrand, of ready wit,
Then to the lady said,
“He surely is devoid of taste
To choose that timid maid,

His lady and his love to be
When you, above compare,
Oh queenliest lady of the ring,
By her was standing near.”

The lady's polished brow again
To calmness was restored ;
And when they gained the castle hall,
With ready wit and word,—

She praised the goodly furniture,
The tapestry so gay ;
And to young Albert's guileless heart,
She found a ready way.

Sweet Geraldine in chamber now,
Wept bitterly alone,
And to the Fairy of the gift
Sent thus her piteous moan.

“ Oh why this dang’rous gift to me,
Dread Fairy, did you send ?
And threat with dreadful words of wo,
The knight whose knee should bend ;

“ And from the ground restore the gift
To me, distressèd maid !
He should some day for pity cry,
But find no ready aid ;

“ And though he love me e’er so well,
And I to him be true,
Yet parted we should be (she said)
Alone our fate to rue.

“ For mortal hand may never touch
This gem, unless from me,
They do receive the same in trust,
As now I give to thee.

“ Then keep it safely, maid—beware !
Again she cried, beware !
And as in wonder I was lost,
She vanished into air !”

For many days the princely halls
Of Albert young did they graced ;
And then toward the sunny bowers
Of Italy they haste.

His minstrels now no longer charm,
And jousts have tedious grown ;
The Falcons take a different course
From that they should have flown.

“To horse, to horse, my trusty page,
Let us from hence away ;
Within this castle I'll not rest,
For aught, another day.”

The page he saddled soon the steed,
Of jet, by Albert rode ;
Another for himself also,
Of flesh and mettle good.

Mounted, the castle walls they leave
Far, very far behind,
And tow'rd the sunny Italie
Their hasty way they wind.

There soon he meets that courtly band,
That lately graced his hall ;
And with the lady Geraldine,
Was seen at court and ball.

Poor Geraldine, forgetful quite
Of the mysterious fay,
Dreams only of her happiness
On each succeeding day.

For ever at her side, is seen
That knight of noble fame,
Young Albert, " bravest of the brave,"
Who sounds abroad her name.

Late in the tournament had he
Proclaimed her matchless eyes,
And from a host of valiant knights,
Borne off the victor's prize !

A chaplet of the fairest pearls,
Pure natives of the sea,
From beauty's queen did he receive,
Upon his bended knee.

But ah ! not long did Geraldine,
Enjoy this dream of love ;
Too soon the angry spirit's wrath
Was she obliged to prove.

For chancing at the gift to look,
Behold the brilliant blue
Of the rich sapphire, had become
Of pale and sickly hue.

Then did the Fairy's dismal threats
Rush o'er her troubled mind ;
And wheresoe'er she turned her thoughts
No comfort could she find.

For she, to whom she should have looked
As counsellor preferred,—
The lady Ruthvena, of late
Scarce spoke to her a word.

And why ? The lady Geraldine
The truth could never tell ;
But all the ladies of the court
Did guess it very well.

'Twas jealousy that moved the dame—
The handsome Knight of France,
Preferred the lady Geraldine
At banquet, court and dance !

Nor could the gallant Hildebrand,
With all his polished art,
Win from her lips a passing smile,
Or calm her stormy heart.

Ruthvena's daughter was too young
Her friend's distress to share ;
Where could she in her sorrow turn ?
Where find a pitying ear ?

Alas ! there was no help for her
But to sit down and weep ;
Or, sighing think upon her ills
And sorrows sharp and deep !

But most did they afflict her when
She thought that her true knight,
Was doomed to share, in wretchedness,
Her sad and mournful plight.

Yet, like a noble woman soon
She nerved her soul 'gainst fear,
And how to save her gallant knight,
Was now her only care !

“There is but one alternative,”
The gentle lady said,
“Oh ! that before it came to this
I had been with the dead.”—

That evening, in the festal hall,
She sought Sir Hildebrand,
And trode with him the graceful dance,
Conversing, hand in hand.

Young Albert puzzled, strove in vain
To gain her listening ear,
To find in what he did offend—
She heeded not his prayer.

Ah ! little could he guess the pain
That racked her faithful heart ;
Or that it was in hope to save
His life, she bore the smart !

And never did he learn the truth,
For very soon I ween,
He fell in battle 'gainst the foe,
In holy Palestine.

Yet to the last upon his crest
He wore the love-knot, true ;
The colour of his scarf was aye
The sapphire's brilliant blue !

Poor Geraldine ! in gloomy cell
Of convent dark and drear,
She o'er the Fairy's dreadful gift
Sheds many a bitter tear.

And ever, as she tells the beads
Within her lonely cell,
She prays that with her lover's soul
It may be always well.

A PASSION FOR OLD THINGS.

A PASSION for old things—deserted dwelling,
Through which the night-wind sends a hollow sound ;
What time the whip-poor-will its plaint note swelling,
From yon dark wood, a sadness breathes around.

Old faded tapestry, and halls forsaken,
From whence the sound of revelry has fled—
Long mouldering corridors, whose echoes 'waken
The sad and mournful memory of the dead.—

This antique chair, with its worm-eaten cover,
Invites to sit me here, and dream the while
Of those long dead, whose spirits still may hover
Around this lonely, melancholy pile.

The young, the beautiful, who erst delighted
To join the sprightly dance within this hall,
Now wandering o'er the world with spirits blighted,
And dark care hanging o'er them like a pall.—

Yon ruined fount—how many happy lovers
Have breathed their fond vows by its flowery side,

In those past days, when these forsaken bowers
Felt the sweet influence of its gushing tide.

This rustic bench—at the sweet sunset hour
Of summer eve—here would the traveller rest,
To watch the sun slow sinking to his bower
Of gorgeous clouds, erected in the west.

Yes, every thing on which old Time has scattered
The dust of ages, has a charm for me ;
From old cathedral aisle, and turret battered,
To mouldering cot, and ivy-circled tree !

THE POET'S DOOM.

“THE BURNING AGONIES OF THOUGHT.”—*Montgomery.*

Oh ! envy not the poet's fame,
Though a dazzling halo surrounds his name ;
For the heavenly spark, from its earliest birth,
Was nursed 'mid the ills and woes of earth.

Think not his dream was always bright,
And his spirit free, and his thoughts all light ;

No, his blue sky was too oft o'ercast
By a dark'ning cloud and a rushing blast.

All that has given most joy to thee,
From his stricken soul gush'd in agony ;
And the thoughts that have stirred thy spirits flow,
Came from his heart in its deepest wo !

As on a dark and stormy night,
The lightning's flash is most dazzling bright,
So feelings nursed amid care and ire,
Flash from the soul with a fearful fire.

Cares have pressed with their greatest weight,
On his spirit, broken and desolate ;
And the cruel taunts of a heartless throng
Have met his ear, as he passed along.

Long e'er the world shall his genius own,
Will his parted spirit afar have flown,
To those realms of light, where the weary rest
Quiet and safe, 'mid his kindred blest.

The sighing night-wind sweeps the spot
Where the poet sleeps, but he heeds it not ;
His body now free from all earthly care,
Resteth in peace and quiet there !

The heralds of fame, too late proclaim
His glorious worth, and his mighty name ;
His name, now cleared from its blight and gloom,
Blazes, but only to light his tomb !

ART THOU OPPRESSED.

ART thou oppress'd with loads of wo ?
Do penitential tear-drops flow ?
Go, seek thy heavenly Father's throne,
He will not leave thee all alone.

Alone, thou could'st not bear thy grief,
But he will yield thee quick relief,
If, when o'erwhelm'd with sin and loss,
Thou plead'st thy Saviour's blood-stained cross.

His cross of blood ! be that thy plea,
He died in agony for thee ;
For thee he felt the cruel blows,
And stood unmutur'd 'mid his foes.

Oh, soul, art thou relentless still ?
Still would'st thou dare resist his will ?

Oh, where for succour would'st thou fly,
When dread, the avenger hurries by?

To earth? Is safety found in fame?
And what is pleasure, but a name?
To love? Alas! it hath no power,
To shield thee in the evil hour.

Religion, only, can bestow
The shield that saves from endless wo;
Without her guardian help, thy heart
Must dread the doom, must feel the dart!

THE DEPARTED.

SHE died before my heart had learnt,
To pour its woes in song;
And, though in rude, unpolished strains,
My numbers roll along,
Yet she, I know, had joyed to hear
My lay, altho' nor sweet, nor clear,
Nor such as bursts from bird of air,
In cadence rich and strong!

Before all joy had left my heart,
Save that the minstrel knows,
When o'er his harp he bends, to tell
In song, his tale of woes ;
Or, that which stirs the poet's soul,
When far away the dark clouds roll,
And burning thought, without control,
From his full bosom flows !

She died ! Those fond eyes cannot trace
The burning page, where glow
Thoughts, such as only from a heart
Surcharged with anguish, flow.
'Tis well—it would have given but pain
To her fond heart, to list the strain,
Or read the lines whose words remain,
A record sad, of wo.

She died ! A few more fleeting years,
A few more years to grieve,
A few more rude and earthly songs,
And then the world I leave,
For those bright realms of bliss, where ring
From harps of gold, with sweetest string,
The triumphs of the Almighty King !—
Where angel fingers weave

Fresh garlands, for the brows of those
From fiery furnace come,
Of suffering, for the Saviour's sake,
Up to their heavenly home.
In this bright realm may we abide,
Brought thither by our Saviour-guide,
And safely sheltered by his side,
Oh, never more to roam !

“OH LEAVE US NOT.”

Oh! leave us not!—I know a voice is calling
In sweetest accents from thy native home,
Like whispered music on thine ear 'tis falling—
“Return, beloved wanderer, wherefore roam !

“Come unto us—within thy father's dwelling,
Soon will be gathered all most dear to thee ;
Thy brothers, sisters—in their bosoms swelling,
Each tender feeling,—love and harmony.”

That voice! what fond emotions doth it waken,
Rich with the well remembered tones of youth ;
Thy mother's low, sweet notes, like dove forsaken,
Wooing the rover to his nest and truth.

Thy father's deep-toned diapason sounding
In perfect concord o'er the deep blue sea ;
True to that voice, thy filial heart is bounding
To seek his blessing on thy bended knee.

"Oh tarry not!"—and now the voice is dwelling,
On all the pleasures of thy boyhood's home,
All household harmonies together swelling,
Rise to implore thee tenderly, to "come!"

Oh leave us not:—what tho' 'tis selfish wishing
To keep thee from such holy joys away,
Thy mother's kiss—thy father's pious blessing ;
We cannot trust thee—tarry with us—stay !

We cannot trust thee to the joys that cluster
Around thy rural and ancestral cot ;
We dare not trust thee, when the eyes of lustre
Will sparkle on thee :—O, forsake us not.

Forsake us not:—although but new the feeling
That binds us to thee, yet so deep the spell,
Through all our hearts the witchery still is stealing,
We cannot breathe that little word—farewell.

THE CONVERT.

A SKETCH.

RINALDO, a youth about to relinquish his faith, and embrace that of Rome, is saved from apostacy by the intercession of his sister.

SCENE.—A small room. *Upon a table are seen a crucifix, rosary, skull, and other tokens of the Romish devotion.*

Rinaldo.—Long have I sought for thee in vain, sweet peace !
But now I trust that I have found thee—found
The peace that passeth knowledge, hid within
Thy holy sanctuary, O ! blessed church,
That, as a nursing mother, woos thy young
And wayward child to rest upon thy breast.
Thus do I press thee to my lips, in proof
Of my new faith, thou sacred cross !—thus swear
By thee, to quit the world and all its pomp,
The brilliant pleasures that its votaries seek,—
The pride of wealth,—th' ambition of a name,
The blandishments of love,—with all the false

And empty joys that earth holds out to tempt
From the straight, narrow path, that leads to life,
Eternal, and all-glorious, in the skies.
Soon shall the monastery's walls enclose
This form, to stir from thence no more, save when
Some holy errand calls—t' absolve the soul
Just parting from its weak and sinful clay,
Or, cheer some lone and broken heart, to whom
Each day brings misery only. Soon, the cowl—
Who's there?

Bianca.—My brother—I!

Rinaldo.—Bianca?

Bianca.—Yes!

Rinaldo.—What brings you here?

Bianca.—I come, e'er 'tis too late,
To warn, t' implore you, by those days—

Rinaldo.—Peace, girl!

I ask from you no warning, no advice.

Bianca.—Those happy days when we together played,
In merry childhood, by the fountain's side,

That, with its cooling waters blessed the spot—
The lovely valley where we both were born,
And dwelt in peace and happiness, 'till war,
Dread war, with awful fury bursting forth,
Above our heads, expelled us from our homes.
Our flocks and herds, their pasturage consumed,
Roamed to the desert mountains, there to seek
A scanty herbage, 'mid eternal snow.
Our gardens rifled of their fruit—the flowers
Crushed by the iron heel of brutal strife,
Shall ne'er again their beauteous leaves unfold,
To hail the sun.

You weep for our lost home ?

Oh ! think of those who made that home so dear !
Of her from whose loved lips we learnèd first
To lisp our infant prayers. She, by the hand,
Would gently lead us forth, amid the groves,
And, seated on some grassy bank, retired
From busy hum of men, would tell us tales
Of the old martyrs, from that sacred book,
The Holy Bible, which she bade us love,
And part with but in death.

And then, at night,

Seated around our cheerful hearth, our sire,
The labours of the day all passed and o'er,
Would still implant those lessons in our minds,
Which bade us, by our hopes of heaven above,

Never to quit our faith, our simple faith,
Taught by that holy man, our village priest !
Was it not sweet ? Did we not love to go,
When he, the Saviour's lambs all gathering round
On the sweet Sabbath, would, with pastoral care,
Feed them with bread of life—the sacred bread
Which then—

Rinaldo.—Oh ! my most precious sister, by a word
Thou'st won me back to my first love. From hence
I put away the church of Rome, and thus
Trample her idle tokens in the dust.
Let fiery persecution do its worst,
I have no cares, no fears ! It can but crush
This weak and mortal body, in the dust,
By torturing engine, or consuming fire.
The soul will find escape,—the enfranchised soul,—
And mounting free, on wings of love to heaven,
Exult that martyrdom has brought it life !

THE VILLAGE MAIDENS.

I HAVE been among the maidens,—
A young and joyous set,

Whose hearts have never heaved a sigh ;
Whose cheeks were never wet
With hot and burning tears, that flow
From broken hearts, surcharged with wo.

It wiled me from my wretchedness,
It made my spirit glad,
To see this fair and happy group,
Their youthful bosoms clad,
With all the rainbow hues that play,
Around sweet girlhood's early day.

Yet ever, as their cheerful mirth
Grew lighter and more gay,
I thought, how soon the hand of time
Would tear those hopes away ;
And sighed, that sorrow's bitter draught
Must by those rosy lips be quaff'd.

Sad thoughts, away !—And, gentle girl,
Fair mistress of the fête,
I trust that many happy days,
On thy young beauty wait,
And that the fleet and passing hours,
May only strew thy path with flowers !

Yet, should dark sorrow's gloomy cloud,
O'ercast thy sunny sky,
There is a calmness on thy brow,
A spirit in thine eye,
That bids us not for thee despair,
Thine is a noble heart to bear !

Behold, those graceful sisters fair,
With eyes so starry bright !
Oh, may their hopes be never less—
Their spirits still as light—
And love, for each, a garland weave,
Without one hidden thorn to grieve !

“ Cheer thee, my gentle cousin, cheer,
There's sadness on thy brow ;
This is no time for thoughtfulness,
Look up in gladness now ;
And, 'mid the other maidens be,
As blythe, as merry, and as free !”

Young rose-bud of the village, say,
How shall I sing of thee ?
Thou art so gentle in thy mirth,
So full of witchery.
Sweet Julia ! is thy heart as fair,
As all thy outward graces rare ?

If so, we need not tremble, dear,
When dreaming o'er thy lot ;
Or wish that, 'mong thy many gifts,
Thy beauty were forget :
Combined, such purity and grace,
We scarcely in a mortal trace !

Yes, happy group of maidens fair,
I've passed a day with you,
And it has cheered my sorrowing heart,
Your frolic mirth to view ;
I, for a while, forgot my pain,
And lived my girlhood o'er again !

A BATTLE CALL.

AROUSE thee ! arouse thee ! the hour is at hand,
The call of the war-trump is heard through the land ;
Arouse thee ! arouse thee ! for now is the hour
To strike for our country—crush tyranny's power.

Give a lingering glance to your bright sunny bowers,
And take the last look at their beautiful flowers ;
Go, press to your bosom your loved one once more,
And kiss the dear prattlers that play round the door.

Ah ! many the warriors that never return,
And the widow, in tears, for her partner shall mourn ;
Ah ! many the brothers that fall on the plain,
And gallant young heroes we see not again !

Arouse thee ! arouse thee ! 'tis glory who calls,
She crowns with her garland each hero that falls ;
Arouse thee ! arouse thee ! 'though death be the meed,
'Tis sweet for our country, and freedom to bleed.

Oh, bright is the chaplet that graces the brow,
Of the hero who, true to his country and vow,
Swerves not from the contest, nor thinks of his pain,
But rushes to glory o'er heaps of the slain.

The bright glowing laurel—the myrtle of fame,
Are bound in the chaplet that garlands his name ;
In the temple of glory they ever shall bloom,
Unfaded by time, or the damps of the tomb !

Arouse thee ! arouse thee ! O, who would not give
Whole cycles of ease, thus immortal to live ?
Arouse thee ! arouse thee ! no longer delay,
Let's strike for our country and freedom to-day.

THE FADED FLOWER.

AMID gay bowers, where every floweret grew,
Of form and colour, beautiful to view,
A half-blown rose, a lovely thing and fair,
Upon its slender stalk was withering there ;
With head bent low, like one of sorrow's clime,
Too frail to meet the chilling blasts of time.
Young Love once roaming in this sweet parterre,
Espied this lovely floweret fading there ;
A soothing pity filled his gentle breast,
He raised the flower, and tenderly carress'd,
Brushed from its leaves the soil and stain of earth,
And called on zephyr, who, in frolic mirth,
Was sporting near, with the young joyous Spring,
To fan it gently with his dewy wing.
Meanwhile, young Love collects the silvery dew,
In cup of tulip, bright with every hue ;
This, on the bud, he pours with tender care,
And soon its beauties open to the air.

THE GRAVE.

Who dreads the grave? To me it seems
A quiet place of rest,
To which my weary spirit turns
Like tired-bird to her nest.

Her peaceful nest within the wood,—
And there my grave shall be,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The wild birds there shall sweetly sing,
Through the long summer hours,
Their songs of happiness and love
Amid the fragrant flowers,

That bloom above the quiet spot
Where I shall calmly sleep;
No more to feel earth's weariness,
Or, o'er its sorrows weep.

But if the silent grave to thee
Appears a dread abode,

More frightful than earth's wretchedness
And all life's crushing load ;

Then turn thy troubled thoughts on high,
To yon celestial sphere,
For, seated on a throne of light,
Thy Saviour reigneth there.

Nor did he surely there ascend,
Ere first he laid his head
Upon the cold sepulchral stone,
Amid the quiet dead.

Then dread no more the peaceful grave,
But view it as the door,
To heavenly mansions, where the soul
Finds pleasures evermore.

“THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.”

“THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.”

Oh ! there are cruel hands would throw thee down,
Holy and ancient mother, from thy seat,
Ever exalted from the earliest time !

Could those who aided in thy building up,—
Heaven-gifted men!—could they have seen thee thus,
Under the foot of man trampled and crush'd—
Rivers of tears had then streamed from their eyes!—
Could they have dreamed thy sons would aid thy foes.
How had their bosoms heaved with agonizing throes.

Lo, she shall rise and free her from the dust!
In hallowed blood from his own side, her Lord
Vouchsafes to wash her earthly stains away!
Even as bright as in her early day,
Soon shall she shine—the lovely spouse of heaven.

Each faithful son rejoices in her might—
Vainly the wanderers now bewail that they
Ever forsook their mother,—went astray,
Roaming in crooked paths that led from heaven away.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN HOOK'S "CROSS OF CHRIST," AND PLACED IN A
BRIDAL CHAMBER.

NAY, start not, lady, that I place
 Within thy bower of bliss,
The holy cross of Christ, nor deem
 Its station there amiss ;
It will not fright thy pure heart's mirth,
But sanctify the joys of earth.

The flowers of love will bloom and cling
 Around the sacred tree,
With brighter hue and sweeter scent,
 Than those on pleasure's lea ;
Its precious dew enrich the ground,
And shed a hallowed influence 'round.

It checks the growth of baneful plants,
 Dispels the venom'd breath
Floating around the flowers of earth,
 Spreading infection, death !
Then, lady, keep it aye in sight,
From the gay bridal, to the parting night.

THE FAIR YOUNG STUDENT.

A FAIR and lovely creature—one of those
Sweet, fragile forms, on whom “the winds of heaven,”
Should never blow, save when they whispering tell
Of love and spring ; or, breathe the balmy breath
Of summer ; for ought else were far too harsh
For gentleness like hers ! Oft have I seen,
In that old library and ancient chair,
Her form—with ponderous volume open wide,
Upon her knee ; and there for hours, she still
Would sit, and read, and meditate—then read
And think again. And thus, her mind she stored
With many things, and drank sweet draughts of truth,
And wisdom, such as come alone through toil.
Most of all works, she loved the quaint old poets,
The sovereigns of the antique ; and most, of these,
Him who so sweetly sung, in “ Faery ” realms,
Of gentle Una, and the Red-Cross Knight.
Sometimes, an antique gem, from yonder old,
Worm-eaten cabinet, would claim her thoughts :
On one of these I’ve seen her gaze for hours.
And, ah ! how often have I seen her stand,
At even-tide,—the toils of day at end,—
In pensive thought, watching the setting sun,

As if she read deep lessons in its march.
And now *her* sun has set ; and naught remains
Of her sweet self, but this dim portraiture.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Is HE not princely, even in repose !
The battle now is over, and the field
Is gory with the dying, and the dead,
Of either party ; for the fight was warm,
And many met that day, who did not part.
'Twas our young hero's maiden field ; and now,
Exhausted from the flight, within his tent,
He rests upon his couch, and vainly tries
To find relief in sleep. It cannot be—
His thoughts are all too busy, and his heart
Beats as 'twould leave his side.

“ Now, may he sit,
Among the warriors at the council-board ;”
Nor, can he e'er again be called ‘ a boy !’
His maiden field ! But, well his trusty sword
Hath done its duty—by his stalwart arm,
Wielded that day in battle, till at last
It turned the scale of victory, and gave

The triumph to his cause !

These glorious thoughts,
Mingled with others of a serious kind,
The natural fruits of a first battle field !—
Dim, glassy eyes, seemed gazing wistfully
Within his face ; and mingled sighs and groans
Assailed his ear, from yon grim bed of wo.
He thought of widowed mothers, sonless wives,
Of gentle maidens weeping for their dead,
And almost wished he ne'er had heard of war.
And then again, with thankfulness, he thought
Of his own life, in mercy spared, to bless
His widowed mother, and his sisters dear,
And one sweet maid he hoped to call his own.

A WISH.

HIDDEN with Christ in God,
Oh ! that my life could be !
Then from the cares and ills of earth,
My spirit would be free ;
Mounting aloft on eagle's wings,
Communing with the King of Kings !

How calm when howls the storm,
 Would be my spirit then ;
How still amid the angry strife—
 The rage of cruel men ;
How firm, in black temptation's hour,
Resting upon a heavenly power.

And, in the halls of mirth,
 Unfriended, sad, forlorn,
My soul would sweetly rest within,
 Nor heed the glance of scorn,
Darted upon my loneliness ;—
The Saviour would be there to bless.

But, ah ! it is not thus—
 Mine is a life of strife ;
A heart half-weanèd from the world,
 With sin and sorrow rife ;
One moment struggling to be free,
Then joying in captivity !

Nought but a Power Divine,
 Can break the galling chain,
Can ease me from the heavy weight,
 The agony, the pain ;
Can drive the demons from my breast,
And sanctify it for his rest.

Draw me within the veil,—
Let me be hid with God;
Nay, drive me thither, Spirit dread,
Though with a cruel rod;
For, oh ! if I am left alone,
I am forevermore undone.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

A BRIDAL wreath for a lady fair,
To bind her tresses of raven hair !
Wilt twine it of the lily pale,
That blossoms fair in the lowly vale ?
No, for the lily's sickly hue
Naught but the pallid corse should strew !

Roses ? For every bride they bloom,
Many will offer their sweet perfume ;
Ruddy and white they will smile around,
Roses shall not in our wreath be found ;
We, afar, o'er the flower-strewn earth,
Seek for a bud of rarer birth !

Here is a bank of violets blue,
Modest and sweet they hide from view ;

From their green retreat their lovely eyes
Look up in love to the sunny skies !
Shall we not weave our chaplet here ?
Where shall we meet with a flower as fair ?

Violets, though they deck the heath,
They are not meet for a nuptial wreath ;
The blue for love, and the modest white,
Let both be there on the festal night ;
Their fragrant breath perfume the gale,
That softly stirs the bridal veil.

The orange pure, and the myrtle flower,
Bloom but to grace the fleeting hour ;
The lovely peach and the almond—these,
With that little smiling one, heart's-ease,
And jasmynes white and yellow, see,
From a sunny clime I bring to thee.

Oh ! earthly flowers are witching things,
A holy joy to their presence clings ;
Their rich and fragrant odours tell
Of a happier sphere where spirit's dwell ;
Glorious—but, ah ! their beauties fade,
Even while the bridal crown is made !

Alas ! the plant we seek on earth,
Takes, in a heavenly land, its birth !
Yet those below are fair, I ween—
Let their hidden worth in your life be seen ;
Then, th' immortal amaranth's bloom,
Shall form thy crown beyond the tomb !

See, I have formed my wreath of the very flowers I discarded at first—lilies, roses, violets ; the blossoms of the myrtle and orange trees, with those of the almond and peach. Golden and white jessamines all are here ; and, speaking to the heart, bid thee adorn thyself with the several virtues of which they are emblematic. And that little cunning thing, heart's-ease, with her smiling eyes, peeps from the green leaves of the chaplet, and merrily exclaims, "*Forget me not.*"

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